

A TRIP TO PARADISE. Sixth Letter. MR. JOHN C. FREUND

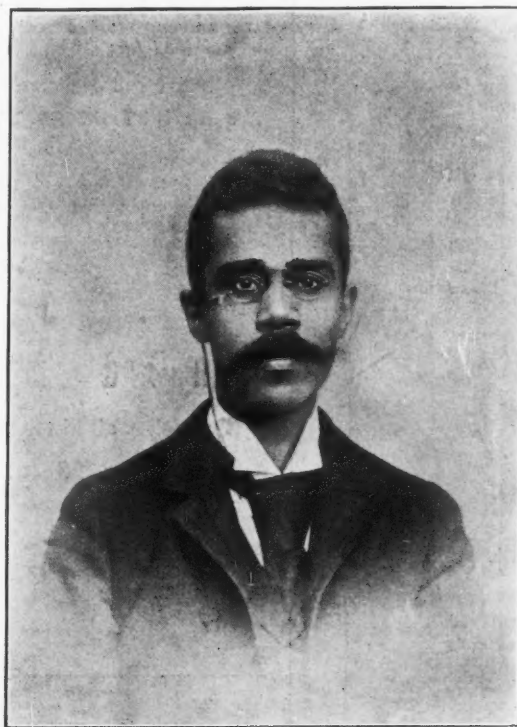
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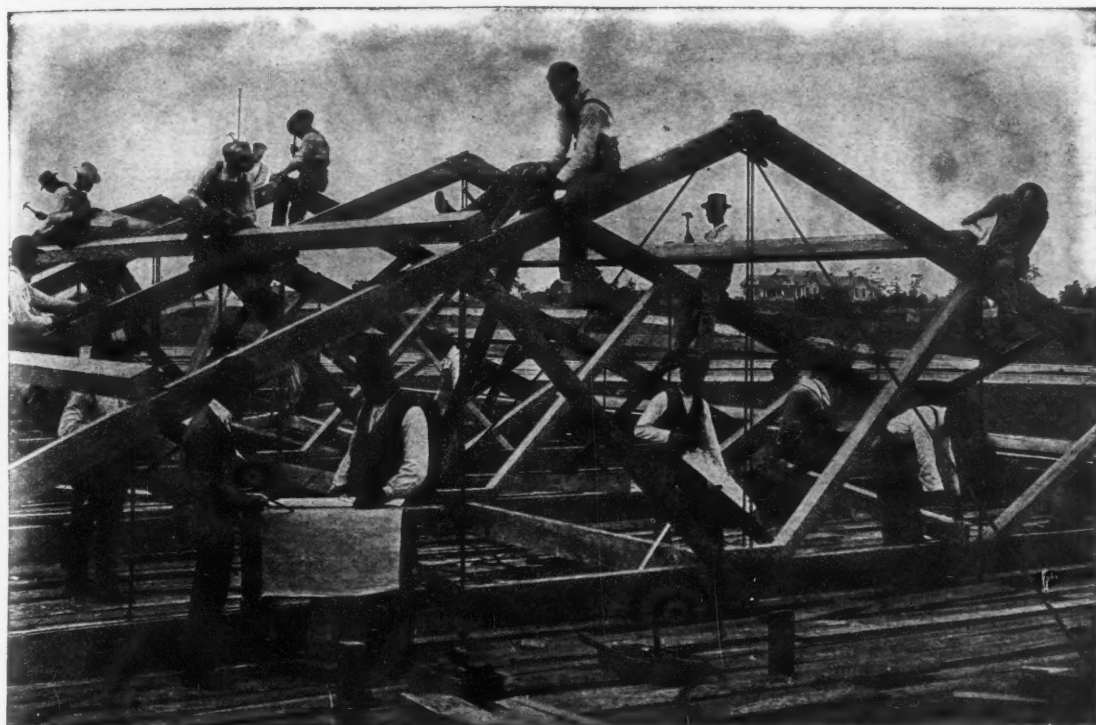
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UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT



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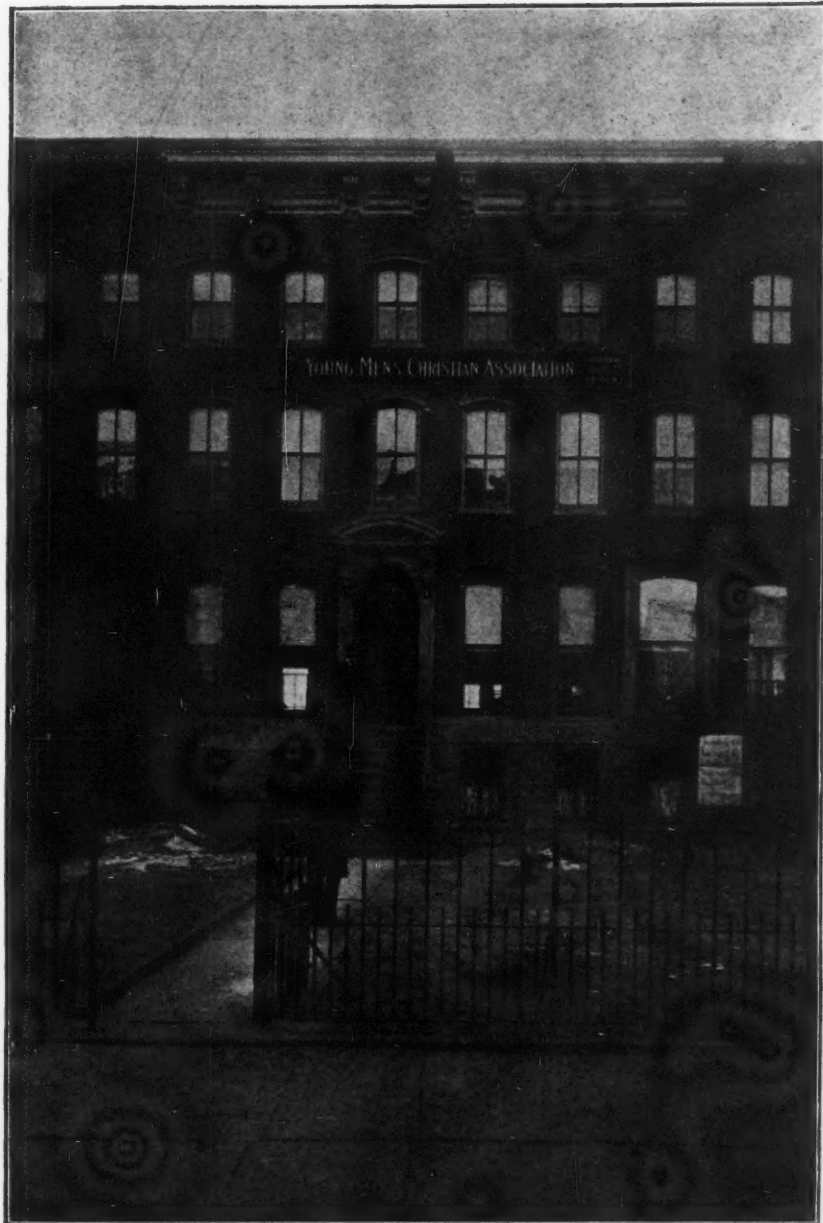
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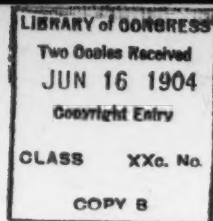


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THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. VII.

JUNE, 1904.

NO. 6

WHAT A MAGAZINE SHOULD BE

BY T. THOMAS FORTUNE

THE extraordinary expansion and development of the educational systems of the United States and Europe during the three past decades, in which popular education has been stimulated to the highest point by the common-school system in the United States, placing primary and secondary education within the reach of all the people and the higher education in the reach of such as desire it and can afford the luxury of it, all this has made necessary a demand for reading matter of all sorts such as never before in the history of mankind was true. Demand will always produce the supply, of whatever character. The earth is literally flooded with literature, or that which passes for literature, to meet the ever increasing mental desires and yearnings of mankind.

And the increased demand has led to a corresponding cheapening of the cost of all sorts of reading matter, this being true in all directions, as the demand governs the supply of a commodity and the supply the price. This has been aptly illustrated by Adam Smith, in "The Wealth of Nations," when he says that in a primitive condition of society, and in sparsely settled communities when a man wanted a beefsteak he was compelled

to kill a whole cow, while in a highly developed condition and a congested or largely settled community, the demand for beefsteaks becomes so great that a supply at a great profit is kept by people who make a business of it, and a purchaser can secure what he wishes for a very small cash consideration. The same rule applies with equal force with supply and demand in literature, whether of a transient or permanent character. It is a reasonable deduction, however, that periodicals and books, in the main, are not prepared with that deliberation and completeness of execution which was true when the demand and the supply of reading matter were smaller than they are now. There is vastly more padding in the periodical and the book than was true formerly; there is less of thought and less of finish in the execution, although these have not disappeared entirely, the highest thought and best execution in the vast mass of printed matter turned out from the sleepless presses of the world every day in the year being discoverable by him who will diligently seek it.

Magazine literature has undergone a wonderful change in form, method and expression since the good old days when

the "Edinburgh Review" and the "Cornhill Magazine" stood at the top of the heap; the one representing the dry-as-dust type and the other the "light and airy nothingness" of literature, with Allison, Jeffries and Macaulay, and Scott, Thackeray and Dickens representing the two extremes of literature,—the statistical, historical and argumentative and the imaginative and sentimental schools. The change has been in the line of strict evolution in all directions from lower to higher concepts and ideals, although a vast volume of badly digested matter is mixed with the great mass, and unavoidably so. Great bodies of whatever sort gather and carry in their wake much flotsam and jetsam, much of it having the form and semblance of the genuine thing, requiring a discriminating intelligence to separate the good from the indifferent and bad.

The correct definition of what a magazine should be depends entirely upon the point of view. The "North American Review" may be taken as the best example in our country of a magazine of the highest character devoted to politics and economics and related subjects; the "Atlantic Monthly" for the best and highest in literature and arts; and the "World's Work" for the best and highest in what is being done rather than what is being thought and uttered. Within the domain of these periodicals there are innumerable others of high and low degree, besides a large number devoted to special lines of thought, as for instance the "Popular Science Monthly," the "Homiletic Review," and the like. But, in the main, the three periodicals first named here may be taken as the standard in their several fields. To the student all

of them are necessary; to the specialist the one to his liking will suffice.

My idea of the subject, however, in this article, must be narrowed to what a magazine should be such as the needs of the Afro-American people require and which will, at the same time, commend itself in a large measure to the general reader; and this latter view of it is of paramount importance, if the best results are to be got, because a magazine which is read only by Afro-Americans will not accomplish the main purpose for which it should be published; that is, to inform the ignorance of mankind as to what the Afro-American people are doing and thinking and saying, to the end that the race may improve its standing in the estimation of mankind. The materialism of the age upon which we have come compels us to revise the view-point we maintained in the past. The crucial features of life to-day are vastly different from what they were even three decades ago. The world now cares very little for what is said but a great deal for what is being done in any given direction, by individuals as well as races. It wants the results of effort and a clear statement of how they were got. Then, again, more stress is laid upon what an individual or nation possesses materially than what it knows mentally. This is a rank vulgarism, the exaltation of material values over mental and moral values, but it has to be reckoned with all over the world. The vulgarian with a big bank account has the right of way and the impecunious student whose speculative reasoning or scientific experiments make possible the wealth that the vulgarian has by cunning and selfishness amassed must stand aside, for ignorant or selfish riches are impudent and obtrusive,

while impecunious talents are modest and seclusive. By the same token, Barney Bonato, the Italian saloon-keeper who amassed a fortune in South Africa, was a much more important figure in Great Britain and in Africa than Dr. Edward Wilmot Blyden, the most learned African living, perhaps, who has never had the time or inclination to leave his books long enough to pick up the gold and diamonds to be found all over Liberia, the land of his adoption; and an ordinary man like Cecil Rhodes amassed a fortune in Africa by the side of which the wealth of "King Solomon's Mines" looks small, while so learned and unusual a man, a native African, as Dr. Agbebi, cared nothing for the wealth about him, so bent was he upon the mental and moral uplift of his people, so that to further his projects he has been in the United States seeking money to carry on his work. Rhodes and Bonato are names to conjure by, and the world wants to know all that it can get about them, while Blyden and Agbebi are ciphers in the world's estimate of values, and are relatively unknown. I make these comparisons in no invidious sense, but to enforce the point I desire to make, as between the man who does things and the man who thinks things.

But the higher and lighter side of mental and moral effort must not be ignored in the magazine I have in mind.

The historical record of what has been, the fiction limning "the manners living as they rise," and the poetry that depicts "the dreams no mortal ever dreamed before," all this should have a voice, a channel through which to make itself heard and enjoyed. The delights of pure literature will always have a large following, however selfishness and greed and vulgar materialism may control the admiration and devotion of the great mass of mankind; else matter would supplant the domination of mind in the affairs of the world, and chaos come again. There will always remain some students in the closet to keep alive the fires of high living and right thinking, however far the world may wander afield after the things of the flesh and of the earth earthy. And it is well.

Then, what a magazine should be, is plain enough. It should be a record of what mankind are doing, what they are thinking, what they are dreaming, with the greatest emphasis on what they are doing in their intellectual strivings, in their industrial efforts, in their commercial activities, in their religious aspirations,—but always results as the sequence of efforts. If all this can be properly illustrated, each annual volume will contain a complete record to posterity of what was best and highest in the thought and effort of a given time.





❧ A TRIP TO PARADISE ❧

BEING THE EXPERIENCES OF A NEW YORKER IN THE ISLAND OF JAMAICA

*
BY JOHN C. FREUND
*

SIXTH LETTER

CONSTANT SPRING HOTEL,
KINGSTON, ISLAND OF JAMAICA,
Tuesday, April 21, 1903.

BY this mail I send you several photographs, which should give you a fair idea of the general position of this tropical city, which resembles in many respects, so I am told, other cities in the islands under British rule.

You will see from one picture which I send you that, as I wrote you before, there is an almost precipitate descent from the mountains to the broad plain, on the edge of which Kingston lies, with Port Royal, the English naval and military base, fronting it, on a long spit of sandy soil, right opposite.

There are a number of hotels and boarding houses in Kingston, of which the Myrtle Bank is the principal. This hotel is headquarters for tourists. At the rear of the hotel is a fine pavilion, which looks out on the water. There you are always sure of a fine breeze, especially in the earlier part of the day.

You might enjoy peace, as well as the breeze, but for the little black urchins, who pester the life out of you to buy necklaces of beads or shells, or they will propose to take the most desperate dives into the water, if you will only throw in a piece of silver.

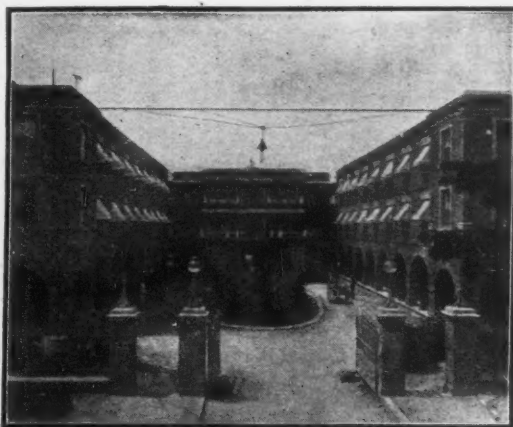
As you know, the colored people are eager to imitate the whites in everything,

and sometimes they do this without much discretion, as the following story will show.

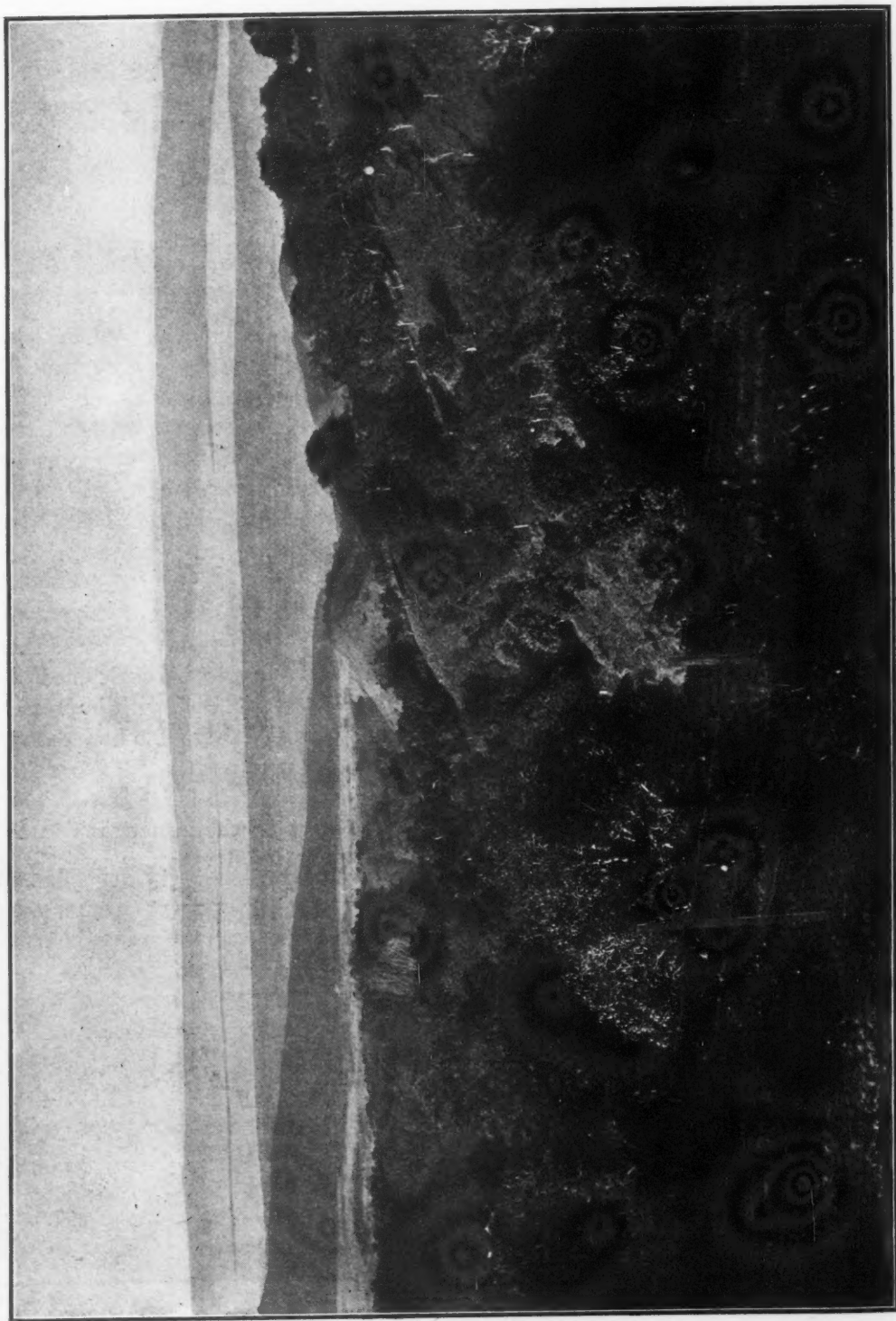
A good, honest colored woman, who, like her kind, came to market once a week from her little mountain home, happened to hear some tourists talking about their children, and expressing the fear lest one of these might suffer from malaria, which they had heard had broken out near their home in New Jersey, in the States.

The colored woman got only bits of the conversation. The result of it was that, her child having to be christened the next day, she was called, with impressive dignity, by her mother, who believed she had found a new name, "Malaria Ann Jones."

The activity of the Americans in the Northern part of Jamaica, especially in



Photograph by A. Duperly & Sons
THE MYRTLE BANK HOTEL



Photograph by Brennan
KINGSTON, THE CAPITOL, OF JAMAICA, LIES ON THE EDGE OF THE PLAIN SEEN IN THE UPPER PART OF THIS PICTURE

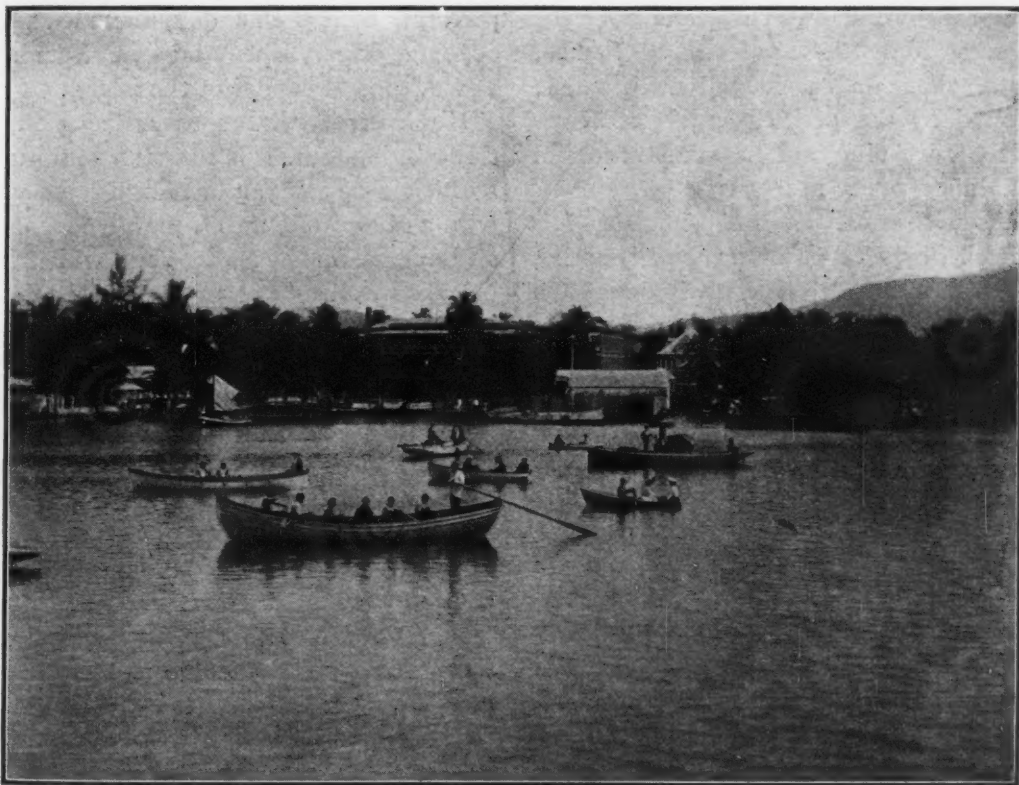
the fruit business, has begun to attract the attention of the home authorities in England to the island, and is having its influence in inclining a more liberal policy towards the West Indian colonies. The prevailing sentiment here among whites is that the old country has not much use for her colonies, and that she regards them as a burden, a care and as never likely to be of much service to her.

The attitude of the old country is resented, with the result that the loyalty of the people is strained, and if it should come to pass, as is quite possible within the next generation, that American enterprise and capital do much to develop Jamaica's resources, a strong impetus will be given to the underlying sentiment

that it would be a great thing if the island could be annexed to the United States.

This feeling has, of course, received considerable impetus since our war with Spain, and the naturally closer relations which must exist in future between us and the Cubans.

People here speak with considerable bitterness of the failure of the British House of Commons to pass a bill appropriating even so small a sum as a million and a quarter of dollars, which was to be used in the various West Indian Islands for needed improvements. There is, however, hope that Mr. Chamberlain, the Secretary of the Colonies, intends,



Photograph by A. Duperly & Sons

REAR OF THE MYRTLE BANK HOTEL

before long, to take active steps towards developing the English colonies and bringing about some kind of fiscal union between them and the mother country.

Mr. Chamberlain seems to be a popular man here in Jamaica. People credit him with a sincere interest in the colonies, something that has not been known for generations, as England has had the comfortable custom of sending out to the colonies members of her needy nobility to recruit their finances by filling official positions—which they neglected—among a people whom they despised.

This brings me to speak of His Excellency, Sir Augustus Hemingway, the Governor-General, who has his Attorney-General and his Postmaster-General and his Commander-in-Chief of the Forces, and his Lord Chief Justice, with whom and a Council of Citizens, elected by the people, he accomplishes such governing and administration of the island as are necessary.

As with most English officials, His Excellency's duties are principally social, the "governing" being really done from the offices of the colonies in London. These social duties vary all the way from giving a ball or a dinner at his house to having to attend every amateur performance, never mind how hot the weather or how stuffy the auditorium, as well as all the cricket matches, athletic sports, processions and parades that break out periodically.

Sir Augustus, being an Englishman, is, of course, a lover of cricket and other manly sports, so that this part of his official duties does not bother him, besides which, to judge from stories I hear of him, he is an amiable, democratic kind of man, easily accessible, and would be

exceedingly popular were it not that some people accuse him of being rather penurious, and not as free in entertaining as they think he ought to be.

Possibly, Sir Augustus regards the situation from a different point of view, as they tell me that the salary of the Governor was, a year or so ago, reduced thirty-three per cent.

I had the pleasure and honor of sitting quite near him at some athletic sports this afternoon, and noticed that his general attitude was what one of Dickens' characters would call "wery affable." Towards the end of the proceedings, his wife, a distinguished and aristocratic looking lady, joined him, having also had her round of social duties to perform, which, that day, included the opening of a ladies' fair at Spanish Town, the old capital of the island.

However, if Sir Augustus lacks anything in hauteur, it is fully made up for by his aid-de-camp, a tall English officer, with a King William II. moustache, and an immense monocle, to keep which in place, as well as not to disturb the immaculate nature of his cravat, he is forced to adopt that stony stare, which Du Maurier made immortal in the columns of "Punch."

The gossips say that the said aide-de-camp is suffering from heart trouble, having lost that portion of his anatomy to a fair divorcee, an American woman, who married some count or baron, and who, I understand, sailed on Monday by the "Para." They ought to have been married, I heard, but the clergy positively refused to marry a divorced woman, so that, you see, Jamaica, if not very advanced, is at least very orthodox.

One of the features of the sports was



Photograph by John C. Freund
 COLORED MAN RUNNING WITH WHITES
 a well-run half-mile race. I send you a snapshot of the finish.

You will notice that one of the runners is a colored man, and that he is well up, close to the leader. In all athletic sports, colored men are admitted to perfect equality with the whites. When it comes to sport, your Englishman is a thorough democrat, in the right sense.

This particular colored man made the running almost from the start, and, indeed, would have won but that his heart failed him at the last moment, so that the white man won the race simply because he could put in that extra pinch at the finish.

While on the subject of sports, let me say that yesterday afternoon my wife and I were at a cricket match, and were most hospitably received by the captain of the club, who explained to me, when I noticed some colored men playing in the game, that it was necessary to admit the colored men, because without them they would not be able to have any cricket. As life would, of course, be insupportable to an Englishman without cricket, especially in a tropical climate, it is obvious that they must put up with the colored men, and to this extent, anyhow,

the race problem is solved.

In an endeavor to get shaved I have had difficulty similar to that encountered at Port Antonio. I made two ineffectual efforts to find the barber, and have concluded never, in future, to travel without my own razor, never mind what the risk to my throat may be.

When I did find the amiable mulatto who presides over the tonsorial emporium, he informed me that he regretted not being there the day before to shave me, but the fact of the matter was that he had to attend a ball the previous evening and was forced to rest the next day.

This was all said with the utmost seriousness. Then the barber, who proved to be an exceedingly intelligent man, as, indeed, I find all the mulattoes here are, talked about the difference of the condition of his people in the island and in the United States. His conclusion was, that while it would be possible for a colored man perhaps to make more money in the States than he could in a place like Jamaica, on the other hand, his expenses would be more and his social position not nearly as good.

This barber was another who referred



THE SILK COTTON TREE



Photograph by Brennan

PREPARING FOR THE BALL

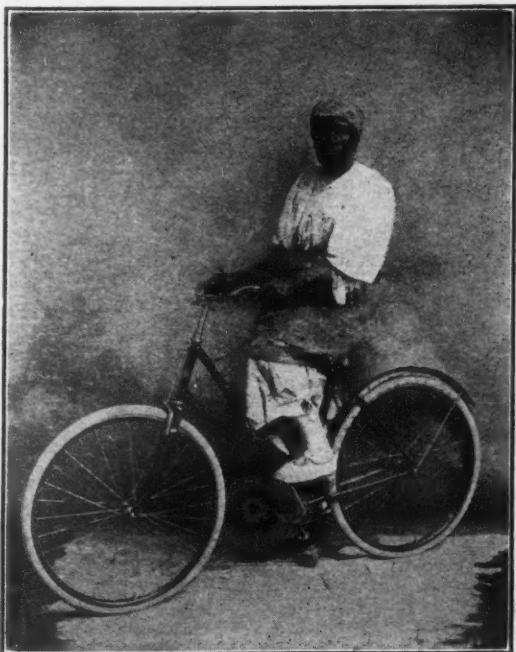
to President Roosevelt's attitude to the colored people. He spoke of it as a sign that the general attitude of the whites to the colored people in the States would improve as the colored people themselves gained in intelligence and worked up. To show that the colored people are working up, I send you a picture of a colored woman having her hair fixed before dressing for a ball and another picture of a colored lady on a "bike."

There is an imported English orchestra at this hotel. It plays well, except that the leader sometimes rushes frantically through a piece, or else becomes sentimental and drags the life out of it. However, they are all to go back to England in a few days, though before they go they are to have a benefit here at the hotel,

which I hope may be a bumper, though, when it is given, I am afraid the last of the tourists will have left, so that, unless the Kingstonites, to whom they have played at the various functions, rally to their support, they will not have the success they deserve.

We are being introduced to the tropical fruits, especially to the mangoes, of which there is an innumerable variety. Some of them, if you can get them ripe, are palatable, though there is a coarseness to them, not only in skin, but in fibre, and the stones in them are so large that they barely repay the trouble of eating them.

I was considerably taken aback yesterday at dinner, when our waiter informed us that he would give us some "papa" for breakfast.



Photograph by A. Duperly & Son

SHE IS "UP TO DATE"

He explained later that he did not intend us to be cannibals and that he had no desire to feed us with portions of his respected male parent, but with a fruit. When it appeared on the table we found it a cross between our musk melon and a squash. The taste to me was somewhat sickly, and I think it would take a long time before I could get to like it. I am afraid that we have not had a good opportunity of tasting the tropical fruits, as this is not the fruit season, so I reserve my final decision with regard to them.

As we intend to sail on Thursday for the States, my wife has been through the various stores buying little presents for her children and friends in the States.

I have had considerable difficulty in preventing her paying exorbitant prices for curiosities which have been made either in Birmingham, England, or Connecticut, U. S. A., but after much discussion she has managed to collect about a sackful of things, consisting of a number of shell and bead necklaces, a stuffed as well as polished tortoise, some very nice hempen baskets, and a collection of curios, consisting of silver armlets, rings, brooches, many of them of unique design and workmanship, which at one time belonged to the coolie women, who brought them over from the East Indies, and who managed to sell them to the local traders for about four times what they were worth, with the result that



CURB MARKET, KINGSTON



Photograph by John C. Freund
A STREET IN KINGSTON

the local traders are conscientiously selling them to tourists for about sixteen times what they are worth.

I wrote you in a former letter that we had not seen many birds, moths or butterflies. However, you can get plenty of them tastefully arranged in cases at the hotel from a young mulatto girl, who, with a smile of innocence, will ask you five dollars for what you can easily get in the States for two.

There is a law here with severe penalties which protect certain birds, especially the pretty little humming birds, which the ladies at one time so unfortunately fancied for their hats. In spite of this, however, we were accosted at the hotel this morning by a venerable colored man, who told me privately that he was a good church member. I don't know why he said this to me, or why my appearance suggested such a confidence.

He then said in a whisper that he had some humming birds for sale. The penalty for having them in your possession is about twenty-five dollars apiece.

I told the old sinner that his being a church member evidently did not prevent him from breaking the law, and wanting me to break it as well. He replied that he was the father of seventeen children, and that, therefore, he had to get his living in the best way he could; but that whenever he made a sale he always went to church twice on the following Sunday.

Out of curiosity, I asked him how much he wanted for his birds. He told me that, considering how much risk he ran in getting them, not merely in this world from the law, but from the wrath to come in the next, they were worth five dollars apiece, but he offered to sell me five for twenty dollars if I would keep the matter a dead secret.

I told him that he ought to be glad I did not hand him over to the authorities, to which he replied:

"You wouldn't do that. Think of my seventeen children!"

Last evening some of our fellow travelers from Boston, who have been touring the island, arrived at the hotel, and among them the young American whom we dubbed the "Earl of Pawtucket," because he is "so English, you know." I have fallen in love with the Earl, in spite of his peculiarities and his English clothes. His sang froid is delightful, his good nature endless, and his politeness, even under the most difficult circumstances, irre-

proachable.

He told us that he had been up to Montego Bay, a favorite resort on the northern end of the island, where, he said, his patience had been sorely tried.

It seems there is no hotel there, so he and his party were directed to a somewhat substantial private house, where they were told they could obtain accommodation.

"When we came in," said he, "a severe-looking dame met us and said: 'We do not take boarders. We only take paying guests. We are quite well off, but, being somewhat lonely here, we consent to accept occasional guests of whom we approve.'"

"When we had brought our packages and trunk in," continued the Earle, "the severe dame told us that we might take them up to our rooms ourselves. She also said:

"'You will have to conform to the rules of the house. You will get coffee and fruit at 6:30 A. M., breakfast at 10:30 A. M., and dinner at 4 P. M., after which you will not get anything more, and you will be expected to retire at 9:30 P. M. at the latest.'"

"Do you know," continued the Earl, in a sweet side whisper to me, "if we had stayed another hour in that house with that old woman, I really should have lost my temper."



Photograph by A. Duperly & Sons

KING STREET, KINGSTON

I tremble to think of the awful consequences that would have resulted if the dear Earl had lost his temper.

There are two daily papers published in Kingston, the "Gleaner" and the "Telegraph." Each of them has a fair amount of news, both local and foreign, and both are unusually strong in their editorial departments. The editorials in the paper are evidently written by men of education, experience and culture. The selected matter, also, is particularly good. The presswork on both sheets, however, is terrible. A little improvement in this direction would certainly be a boon to the readers.

Both papers are well patronized by advertisers, but many of the advertisements are so poorly printed as to be in places almost illegible.

This morning we drove out to Hope Gardens, one of the show places of Kingston, where there is a university and a collection of orchids that would fill the hearts of some of our millionaire collectors with envy. Not having any knowledge of botany, I cannot give you their correct names, but I can tell you that they hung from trees and baskets in two long alleys, out in the open air, in every possible form of beauty and fantastic arrangement.



Photograph by John C. Freund

A VILLAGE NEAR KINGSTON

The gardens are large and finely kept, and are filled with all kinds of palms, trees and shrubs to delight the hearts of those who love nature and rejoice in her charms.

In one of my former letters I wrote you about the strain of Irish blood there is in this far away island, and how it started through Oliver Cromwell having deported whole shiploads of poor Irish, whom he had captured in his wars with them.

One of the best stories relating to the Irish element in the population is told as follows:

It seems that many generations ago a white gentleman met a black lady.

The consequence was the starting of a brown race, which, as time went on, produced generation after generation of brown people, who worked, ate, drank and slept till their time came.

Then it happened that a brown man was produced with a little more than average intelligence, so that, instead of being known as they all are, as "Jim" or "Joe" or "Jack," he became distinguished as "Charles McCarthy," probably in honor of his Irish owner, for in those days all the colored people were slaves.

This colored McCarthy developed the power of not only getting but saving some money, so that when he died he left a considerable sum of money to his eldest son, who, in turn, being of a thrifty disposition, increased the hoard, until a generation later, when the slaves were freed, there was a McCarthy, a colored man, with a comfortable fortune.

This McCarthy began to read about his ancestry, and so discovered that the original McCarthy must have come from

a place called Ireland. He seems to have been seized with "homesickness," for, realizing on a large part of his property, he took the steamer for England, and finally reached Dublin, where, in further course of time, he became connected with the Fenian movement, and was induced, by the aid of copious potations of whiskey, to contribute to the Fenian Defense Fund.

Having done this, it appears that his next step was to become violent in his utterances as to the wrongs of Ireland and the Irish. This drew upon him the attention of the authorities, who gave him a kindly but strong hint that the best thing he could do was to go back to Jamaica, which he did, having meanwhile acquired a brogue that you could cut with a knife.

McCarthy has now settled down once again near Kingston, and has opened up a place which he calls "Clancarthy," though why to prove the strain of Irish in him he adopted a Scotch name is more than even the muddled-up condition of the population here can possibly explain.

If you will look in at one of the courts here, while a case is in progress, you may hear a colored lawyer about to cross-examine a colored witness. You may hear something like the following:

The colored lawyer: "And now, Mr. Johnson, sir!" To which the witness will promptly reply:

"And back to you, sir!"

If this isn't what one might call "Irish backtalk," I don't know what is.

We are going to pay a visit to Spanish Town and Port Royal before we sail. I will try and jot down my adventures on the steamer coming home, in which case I will mail them to you on my arrival in Boston.

Doing what we have the power to do is our highest privilege and duty. We often feel that, if we had more money, or more influence, or more power, we could do something worth doing, but, as it is, our possibilities are sadly limited, and we can have no hope of greatly honoring God, or helping our fellows. Yet the one woman in the world whose name stands highest above her fellows for what she did in her day and generation was not a woman of great wealth or of special power. Of her it is said simply: "She hath done what she could." She may have thought that her sphere and abilities were limited, but God blessed her simple doing with his blessing and with her ever-growing fame. All that God would have us do is to do what we can. That much we ought to be ready to do gladly.—S. S. TIMES.

A little French boy having been asked what Herod ought to have said when Salome requested the head of John the Baptist, promptly replied: "He ought to have said, 'John the Baptist's head is a part of that half of my kingdom which I have reserved for myself.'"

When darkness shuts in, lights are the more vivid and the more valued. This is true in the moral world as in the world of nature. While the sun shines we have little need of minor lights. In the gloom of night we appreciate, and are grateful for, the stars that guide our course. In the glare of prosperity we think little of the aid of personal friends, but when adversity presses on every side

we realize that "a friend in need is a friend indeed."

"If I were only as rich as he is!" muttered a boy that had just found a crust of stale bread in a garbage barrel, as he eyed a poorly dressed boy leaving a baker shop with a basket of whole, fresh loaves.

"If I were only as rich as he is!" said the boy with the fresh loaves, as he saw another boy on a bicycle, munching candy.

"If I were only as rich as he is!" sighed the boy on the bicycle as another boy rode past in a pony cart.

"If I were only as rich as he is!" grumbled the boy in the pony cart as he caught sight of a lad on the deck of a beautiful private yacht.

"If I were only as rich as he is!" this lucky young fellow wished, as his father's yacht cruised in foreign waters, and he spied one day a young prince attended by a retinue of liveried servants.

"If I were as free as that boy is!" impatiently growled the prince, thinking of the boy in the yacht.

"If I could drive out alone with a pony and nobody to take care of me but myself!" thought the pampered boy on the yacht.

"If only I could have a good time like that boy on the bicycle!" longed the driver of the pony.

"How happy that boy with a basket looks!" said the boy on the bike.

"If I could relish my dinner as that boy does his crust!" said the baker's boy. "I'm sick and tired of bread."

Which was rich?—EXCHANGE.

THE NEW YORK BRANCH OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

BY JOHN SMITH BROWN, JR.



SECRETARY'S OFFICE

FOR the past three decades, while a continuous stream of peoples of all kinds and conditions has been pouring into our ports, there has been a movement, much smaller, of course, but none the less constant, of colored men from the Southern to the Northern states. Oftentimes they come from the country districts where schooling is an unknown quantity; or else, having been trained

industrially or intellectually, they find in the diametrically opposed conditions of the North little outlet for ambition or upward striving. How best to keep these and the Northern-born young men from the saloon and the vices, which are held open so temptingly to all, regardless of "race, color, or previous condition or servitude," has been the cause of much serious thought and effort on the

part of leading Northern colored men. The writer does not intend to insinuate that the colored man is any more prone to sin than are the representatives of other races; he only recognizes that for anyone it is easier to do wrong than to do right. The church is doing its work, but it is universal experience that the churches alone cannot successfully reach the majority of men.

Therefore, it has been most opportune that the Young Men's Christian Association movement for colored men has started in the North. Let it be stated as a truism that he is naturally religious. Often, however, the transition from one section to another and the forming of new ties of friendship causes him to lose

sight of those duties which are the bulwark of his character.

Moreover, it has pained the writer much to note in the Northern section the unlimited opportunities for the education of colored boys, but the paucity of opportunity for them as young men after they are trained mentally or industrially or both. How can a people rise without opportunity! Of course, people are slow to recognize new genius or to admit new applicants into their chosen fields. This process, however, can often be hastened by circumstances. For example, the wide use of the automobile has brought into notice the colored man both as chauffeur and as repairer of disabled machines. This fact and the cita-



ONE OF THE DORMITORY ROOMS



THE CHAPEL, OR ASSEMBLY ROOM

tion of the positions of honor and trust—positions requiring education and intelligence—held by colored men, clearly show that prejudice, where it exists, is born of a knowledge of the lowest classes of the race, and does not take into consideration the large percentage that has pushed out, and often beating out original lines for themselves, attain to positions of honor and respect among those who know them. We sympathize with the Japanese, because we respect them for the advancement they have made. Can we not do likewise, and admit ability even when found within our borders?

It is, perhaps, a commonplace to say that "familiarity breeds contempt," but yet familiarity of the American world

with what is best in the colored race would breed that broadness of view that is only fair in judging individual or race. Therefore, it is most fortunate when anything presents itself to help clear away the mists that hide from public view what is best in the race. This, the Young Men's Christian Association movement can do.

Let me now briefly describe the history of the colored men's branch of this city. Starting under the leadership of Rev. C. T. Walker, in the Mt. Olivet Baptist Church, it was formally made one of the branches of the great city system three years ago, upon the representations of prominent ministers, doctors and teachers resident here. From



THE READING ROOM

the beginning, the people rallied to the financial support of the undertaking, so that at the end of two years over \$3,000 had been set aside as a building fund and all current expenses paid. This unparalleled record attracted the notice of the directors of the city associations. The result was the purchase of two buildings, Nos. 252 and 254 West 53rd street, to take the place of the old building at 132 West 53rd street. The houses have been thoroughly remodelled. They have been occupied about three months. Already the membership has jumped from 100 to 425.

Like the other branches of the city, it is managed by a committee, composed of several directors of the city associations

and of prominent colored men. Such men as Rev. C. T. Walker, W. F. Morgan, Rev. W. H. Brooks, A. S. Newman, Dr. E. P. Roberts, Rev. H. C. Bishop, H. W. Hubbard, Dr. D. P. Reid, E. W. Booth, J. S. Brown, Jr., G. W. Allen, H. Darnell, J. L. Waters, and J. A. Robinson are on this committee. Mr. John F. Comey is the treasurer. The secretary is Thomas J. Bell, a graduate of Atlanta University.

The branch has a pleasant chapel or assembly room; a large, light, quiet reading room; a class room; a game room; a small gymnasium; shower and tub baths; and dormitory rooms. Pictures of some of them are shown herewith.

The founding of a colored men's



THE CLASS ROOM,—ELEMENTARY CLASS IN SESSION

branch is, indeed, not a departure from the established rule of the city associations to specialize so as to more successfully reach men. There is a French branch, a railroad men's branch, a young men's institute for Italians, etc.

The spirit of the Young Men's Christian Association is an ideal one,—mental, spiritual, moral and physical building. It is for this reason that great hopes of its good influence on colored men are entertained. The spirit is that of practical Christianity. It makes for manliness and sympathy of a character that cannot be hid. The visitor to the Sunday meetings feels this and is constrained to become a member. It is the influence of example of the best sort.

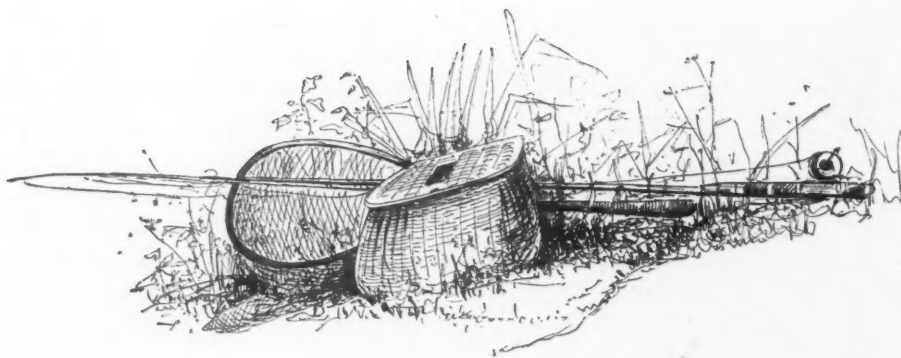
Already business men of the city are realizing that they can secure from this branch young men with good qualities of head and heart. Up to the present writing, the branch has obtained positions for over 1500 men.

The Sunday meetings are addressed by the best speakers of all races. The chapel is always filled with an interested audience. The class room is small, and does not show even half of one of the classes. The picture was taken during a session of the elementary class. The writer has the pleasure of being its teacher,—pleasure, because the men are men in the true sense. There is a class in stenography and typewriting, taught by Chas. E. Miller, of the "New York Age."

A Reading Circle is conducted by Dr. York Russell. Some fruit of the work is already being shown. One young man from this department recently entered Wilberforce University; another is in Union Theological Seminary, of this city. The classes, however, are designed to reach all conditions of men and to help them. For this reason, the influence of the Young Men's Christian Association movement is far-reaching. Many men have had their latent ambitions awakened, and in place of drifting along with the tide have become filled with some definite purpose.

There ought to be established in every city of considerable size a Young Men's

Christian Association for colored men, so that it might bring together Christian men, men of heart, men of brains, men of wasted opportunities, men on the brink of temptation; so that it might separate these men as a distinct body from whatever criminal class might exist; so that men might be uplifted by all the elevating environments and influence that the work can offer; so that by united effort these men can wield greater influence for good and the business world, at least may become convinced that there are two classes of colored men—the worthless man and the upright, self-respecting, trustworthy, advancement-desiring man.



THE HOUR AND THE MAN

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU

CHAPTER V.

GRIEFS OF THE LOYAL.

MARGOT doubted much at the end of the first week, and at the end of every following week, whether she liked freedom. Margot had had few cares during the many years that she had lived under the mild rule of M. Bayou; her husband faithful and kind, and her children provided for without present anxiety on her part. Thoughts of the future would, it is true, occasionally trouble her, as she knew they weighed heavily on her husband's mind. When she saw Genifrede growing up, handsome in her parents' eyes, and so timid and reserved that her father sometimes said he wondered whether any one would ever know her mind better than her own family did; when Margot looked upon Genifrede, and considered that her lot in life depended on the will of M. Bayou, she shuddered to think what it might be. When M. Bayou told Genifrede that she was well coiffed, or that he wished she would show the other girls among the house Negroes how to make their Sunday gowns sit like hers, Genifrede invariably appeared not to hear, and often walked away in the midst of the speech; and then her mother could not but wonder how she would conduct herself whenever the day should come that must come, when (as there was no one on the Breda estate whom Genifrede liked or would associate with) M. Bayou should bring some one to their

cottage, and desire Genifrede to marry him. When Margot looked upon her sons, and upon Aimee, now so inseparable from Isaac, and considered that their remaining together depended not only on M. Bayou's will, but on his life, she trembled lest the day should be at hand when Placide might be carried away northward, and Isaac eastward, and poor Aimee left desolate. Such had been the mother's passing cares in the situation in which nothing had been wanting to her immediate comfort. Now, amidst the perplexities of her new settlement, she was apt to forget that she had formerly had any cares.

Where to house the party had been the first difficulty. But for old Dessalines, who, being no soldier, had chosen to hide himself in the same retreat with them, they would hardly have had good shelter before the rains. Paul had received them kindly; but Paul's kindness was of a somewhat indolent sort; and it was doubtful whether he would have proceeded beyond looking round his hut, and lamenting that it was no bigger, if his spirited son Moyse, a fine lad of sixteen, had not been there to do something more effectual, in finding the place and the materials for the old tiler to begin his work. It was Moyse who convinced the whole party from the plain that a hut of bamboo and palm-leaves would fall in an hour before one of the hailstorms of this rocky coast; and that it would not do to build on the sands, lest some high tide should wash them all

away in the night. It was Moyse who led his cousins to the part of the beach where portions of wrecks were most likely to be found, and who lent the strongest hand to remove such beams and planks as Dessalines wanted for his work. A house large enough to hold the family was soon covered in. It looked well, perched on a platform of rock, and seeming to nestle in a recess of the huge precipices which rose behind it. It looked well, as Dessalines could obtain neither of his favorite paints to smear it with. It stood, neither red nor blue, but nearly the color of the rocks against which it leaned, and thatched with palm-leaves, which projected so far as to throw off the rains even to a depth below.

Paul provided fish, as much as his relations chose to have; but the young people chose to have many other things, under the guidance of Moyse, and here lay their mother's daily care. She believed that both boys and girls ran into a thousand dangers, and no one would help her to restrain them. Paul had always let Moyse have his own way; and Dessalines, when he had brought in driftwood for her fires, which he daily chose to do, lay down in the sun when the sun shone, and before the fire when the clouds gathered, and slept away the hours. Paul wanted help in his fishing, and it was commonly Isaac who went with him, for Isaac was more fond of boating than rambling. Where Isaac was, there was Aimee. She gave no contemptible help in drawing in the nets; and, when the fish was landed, she and Isaac sat for hours among the mangroves which bordered the neighboring cove, under pretense of cleaning the fish,

or of mending the nets, or of watching the cranes which stalked about the sands. Sometimes, in order to be yet more secure from disturbance, the brother and sister would put off again when they had landed Paul with his prize, and get upon the coral reef half a mile off; in calm weather collecting the shell-fish which were strewn there in multitudes, and watching the while the freaks and sports of the dolphins in the clear depths around, and in windy weather sitting in the midst of the spray, which was dashed over them from the heavy seas around. Many times in a morning or evening did Margot look out from her doorway, and see their dusky forms upon the reef, now sitting motionless in talk, now stooping for mussels and crabs, and never, till the last moment, in the boat on their way home. Sometimes Denis was with them, sometimes with her, but oftentimes with the party led by Moyse.

Moyse had first enticed Genifrede up the rocks behind their dwelling, to get grass for hammocks, and to make matting for the floors. Almost from the first day it appeared as if Genifrede's fears all melted away in the presence of Moyse; and her mother became sure of this when, after grass enough had been procured, Genifrede continued to accompany Placide and Moyse in their almost daily expeditions for sporting and pleasure. They brought guanias, tender young monkeys and cocoanuts from the wood, wild kids from the rock, delicate ducks from the mountain ponds and sometimes a hog or a calf from the droves and herds which flourished in the rich savannas on the southern side, on which they looked down from their ridge. In the joy of seeing her children home

again, gladsome as they were, and feeling that they brought plenty and luxury into her cottage, Margot kept her cares to herself from day to day, and did not interfere with their proceedings. She sometimes thought she was foolish, and always was glad to see them enjoying their freedom; but still she felt doubtful whether she herself had not been happier at Breda. The only time when her heart was completely at ease and exulting was when Toussaint came to see his family, to open his heart to his wife, and to smile away her troubles. Her heart exulted when she saw him cross the ridge with a mounted private behind him, urge his horse down the ascent, gallop along the sands to the foot of the rocks, throw the bridle to his attendant, and mount to the platform, looking up as he approached to see whether she was on the watch. She was always on the watch. She liked to admire his uniform, and to hear his sword clatter as he walked. She liked to see him looking more important, more dignified than Bayou or Papalier had ever appeared in her eyes. Then her heart was always full of thoughts about her children, which he was as anxious to hear as she to tell; and he was the only one from whom she could learn anything of what was going on in the world, or of what prospects lay before themselves. He brought news from France, from Cap and the plain, and, after a while, from America—that M. Bayou was settled at Baltimore, where he intended to remain, till, as he said, the pacification of the colony should enable him to return to Breda. There was no fear, as Toussaint always found, but that Margot would be looking out for him.

The tidings he brought were never very joyous, and often sad enough. He said little of his personal cares; but Margot gathered that he found it difficult to keep on good terms with Jean. Once he had resigned his rank of colonel, and had assumed an office of which Jean could not be jealous—that of physician to the forces; an office for which he was qualified by an early and extensive acquaintance with the common diseases of the country, and the natural remedies provided by its soil. When the Marquis d'Hermona had insisted upon his resuming his command as the best officer the Negro forces could boast, Jean had purposed to arrest him on some frivolous charge, and the foolish act had only been prevented by a frank and strong remonstrance from his old friend. All this time Toussaint's military successes had been great; and his name now struck such awe into the lawless forces of the insurgent blacks that it was unnecessary for him to shed their blood. He held the post of Marmalade, and from thence was present with such unheard-of rapidity of march, wherever violence was expected, that the spirit of outrage throughout the colony was at length kept in check. This peaceful mode of standing by the rights of the King was more acceptable to the gentle Toussaint than the warfare by which he had gained his power over his own race; but he knew well that things could not go on as they were; that order of some kind must be established; order which could be reached only through a fierce final struggle—and of what nature this order was to be, depended wholly upon the turn which affairs took in Europe.

He rarely brought good news from

abroad. His countenance always grew sad when Margot asked what ships had arrived from France since his last visit. First he had to tell her that the people of Paris had met in the Champ de Mars, and demanded the dethronement of the King; then, that Danton had audaciously informed the representatives of France that their refusal to declare the throne vacant would be the signal for a general insurrection. After this no National calamity could surprise the loyal colonists, Toussaint said; for the fate of Louis as a King, if not as a man, was decided. Accordingly, there followed humiliations, deposition, imprisonment, during which little could be known of the mind, and even of the condition of the King; and those who would have served him remained in anxious suspense.

It happened, one warm day in the spring, when every trace of the winter hail-storms had passed away, that the whole party were amusing themselves in trying to collect enough of the ripening sea-side grape for a feast. The bright round leaves were broad and abundant; but the clusters of the fruit were yet only of a pale yellow, and a berry here and there was all that was fit for gathering. The grape-gathering was little more than a pretense for basking in the sun, or for lounging in the shade of the abundant verdure, which seemed to have been sown by the hurricane and watered by the wintry surf, so luxuriantly did it spring from the sands and the salt waves. The stately manchineel overhung the tide; the mangroves sprang out of the waters; the sea-side grape overspread the sands with a thick green carpet, and kept them cool; so that, as the human

fool sought the spot, the glittering lizards forsook it, and darted away to seek the hot face of the rock. For full half a mile this patch of verdure spread; and over this space were dispersed Margot and her household, when Toussaint crossed the ridge on one of his frequent visits. As he descended he heard laughter and singing, and among the singing voices the cracked pipe of old Dessalines. Toussaint grieved to interrupt this mirth, and to think that he must leave dull and sad those whom he found so gay. But he came with bad news and on a mournful errand, and there was no help for it.

As he pricked on his horse toward the party, the young people set up a shout and began to run toward him, but stopped short on seeing how unusually large a train he brought. Five or six mounted soldiers, instead of one, followed him this time, and they led several horses.

"Oh, you are come to take us home!" cried Margot, joyfully, as she met him.

He shook his head as he replied,

"No, Margot, not yet."

"I wish you could tell us when it would come," said Dessalines. "It is all very well gathering these things, and calling them grapes for want of better; but give me the grapes that yield one wine. I wonder who has been gathering the grapes from my trellis all this time, while the whole rainy season through not a drop did I taste? I wish you had left your revolutions and nonsense till after my time, that I might have sat under my own vine and my own fig-tree, as the priest says, till the end of my days."

"Indeed I wish so, too, Dessalines. But you shall have some wine."

"Ay, send us some. Jacques will tell you what I like. Don't forget, Toussaint Breda. They talk of palm-wine in the season; but I do not believe we shall get any worth drinking from the palms hereabout."

"What is the matter with our palms?" cried Moyse, firing up for the honor of the northern coast. "I will get you a cabbage for dinner every day for a month to come," he added, moderating his tone under his uncle's eye; "every day, till you say that our palms, too, are as good as any you have in the plain; and as for palm-wine, when the season comes—"

"No, let me—let me cut the cabbage!" cried Denis. "I can climb as quick as a monkey now—a hundred feet in two minutes. Let me climb the palmetto, Moyse."

"First take back my horse to those soldiers, my boy," said his father, setting Denis upon his horse, "and then let us all sit down here in the shade."

"All those horses," said Margot, anxiously; "what is to be done with them to-day? There are so many!"

"They will return presently," replied her husband. "I am not going to stay with you to-day. And, Margot, I shall take the lads with me if they are disposed to go."

"The lads! my boys!"

"Yes," said Toussaint, throwing himself down in the shade. "Our country and its people are orphaned; and the youngest of us must now make himself a soldier, that he may be ready for any turn of affairs which Providence may appoint. Do you hear, my boys?"

"Yes, father," answered Placide, in an earnest tone.

"They have then murdered the King!" asked Margot; "or did he die of his imprisonment?"

"They brought him to trial and executed him. The apes plucked down the evening star and quenched it. We have no King. We and our country are orphaned."

After a pause, Paul said:

"It is enough to make one leave one's fishing and take up a gun."

"I rejoice to hear you say so, brother," said Toussaint.

"Then, father, you will let me go," cried Moyse. "You will give me your gun, and let me go to camp."

"Yes, Moyse; rather you than I. You are a stout lad now, and I know nothing of camps. You shall take the gun, and I will stay and fish."

"Leave your father his gun if he chooses to remain, Moyse. We will find arms for you. Placide! Isaac!" he continued, looking from the one to the other of his sons.

"And Denis," cried the boy, placing himself directly in his father's eye, as he returned breathless from the discharge of his errand.

"Yes, my boy, by-and-by, when you are as strong as Placide. You shall come to the camp when we want you."

"I will go to-day, father," said Placide.

"What to do?" said Isaac. "I do not understand."

Other eyes besides Aimee's were fixed on Toussaint's face, in anxiety for his reply.

"I do not know, my son, what we are to do next. When the parent of a nation dies, it may take some time to decide what is the duty of those who feel

themselves bereaved. All I now am sure of is, that it cannot but be right for my children to be fitted to serve their country in any way that they may find to be appointed. I wish to train you to arms, and the time has come. Do not you think so?"

Isaac made no direct reply, and Aimee had strong hopes that he was prepared with some wise, unanswerable reason for remaining where he was. Meantime, his father proceeded.

"In all that I have done, in all that I now say, I have the sanction of Father Laxabon."

"Then all is right, we may be sure," said Margot. "I have no doubt you would be right if you had not Father Laxabon to consult; but, if he thinks you right, everything must be done as you wish. My boys," pursued the tearful mother, "you must go with your father; you hear Father Laxabon thinks so."

"Do you think so?" whispered Aimee to Isaac.

He pressed her arm, which was within his, in token of silence, while his father went on:

"You heard the proclamation I sent out among our people a few weeks ago."

"Yes," said Placide; "that in which you tell them that you prefer serving with Spaniards who own a King, than with French who own none."

"Yes. I have had to make the same declaration to the two commissaries who have arrived at Cap under orders from the regicides at Paris. These commissaries have to-day invited me to their standard by promises of favor and consideration."

"What do they promise us?" asked Margot, eagerly.

"Nothing that we can accept. I have written a letter in reply, saying that I cannot yield myself to the will of any member of the nation, seeing that, since nations began, obedience has been due only to kings. We have lost the King of France; but we are beloved by the monarch of Spain, who faithfully rewards our services, and never intermits his protection and indulgence. Thus, I cannot acknowledge the authority of these commissaries till they shall have enthroned a King. Such is the letter which, guided by Father Laxabon, I have written."

"It is a beautiful letter, I am sure," said Margot. "Is it not, Paul?"

"I don't doubt Father Laxabon is right," said Dessalines; "only I do not see the use of having a King, if people are turned out of house and home for being loyal, as we all are. If we had not cared anything about the King's quarrel, we might have been under our vines at home, as I have often said before."

"And how would it have been with us here?" said Toussaint, laying his hand on his breast.

"Put your hand a little lower, and I say it would have been all the better for us," said the old Negro, laughing; "for we should not have gone without wine all this time."

"What do you think?" Aimee, as usual, asked Isaac.

"I think it was good for my father to be loyal to the King, as long as the King lived. I think it was good for us to be living here free, with time to consider what we should do next. And I think it has happened very well that my father has shown what a soldier he is, which he could not so well have done if

we had staid at Breda. As for Dessalines, he is best where the vines grow thickest or where the cellars are deepest. It is a pity he should have taken upon him to be loyal."

"And what do you think of going to the camp with my father? Look at Moyse—how delighted he is!"

Moyse certainly did look possessed with joy. He was rapidly telling all his warlike intentions to Genifrede, who was looking in his face with a countenance of fear and grief.

"You think nothing of us," she cried at length, giving way to a passion of tears. "We have been so happy here all together; and now you are glad to go and leave us behind. You will go and fight, without caring for us; you will be killed in this horrid war, and we shall never see you again—we shall never know what has become of you."

Moyse's military fire was instantly quenched. It immediately appeared to him the greatest of miseries to have to leave his cousins. He assured Genifrede he could not really intend to go. He had only been fancying what a war with the white masters would be. He hated the Whites heartily; but he loved this place much more. Placide and Isaac might go, but he would stay. Nothing should part him from those he loved best.

Toussaint was not unmindful of what was passing. Genifrede's tones of distress and Moyse's protestations all reached his ear. He turned, and gently drew his daughter toward him.

"My child," said he, "we are no longer what we have been—slaves, whose strength is in the will of their masters. We are free; and to be free requires a

strong heart, in women as well as in men. When M. Bayou was our master we rose and slept every day alike, and went out to our work and came in to our food without having to think of anything beyond. Now we are free, and God has raised us to the difficult duties which we have always revered in the Whites. We men must leave our homes to live in camps, and, if necessary, to fight; and you, women and girls, must make it easy for us to do our duty. You must be willing to see us go; glad to spare us; and you must pray to God that we may not return till our duty is done."

"I cannot. I shall not," Genifrede muttered to herself, as she cast down her eyes under her father's compassionate gaze. He looked toward Aimee, who answered, with tearful eyes,

"Yes, father. They must go, and we will not hinder them; but they will soon be back, will not they?"

"That depends on how soon we can make good soldiers of them," said he, cheerfully. "Come, Moyse, have you changed your mind again? or will you stay and plait hammocks, while my boys are trained to arms?"

"I shall not stay behind if the others go. But why should not we all go together? I am sure there is room enough in yonder valley for all the people on this coast."

"Room enough; but my family are better beside your father than among soldiers and the hunters of the mountains. Stay with them, or go with me. Shoot ducks and pick up shell-fish here, or go with me, and prepare to be General Moyse some day."

Moyse looked as if he would have knocked his uncle down at the suppo-

sition that he would stay to pick up shell-fish. He could not but laugh, however, at hearing himself greeted as General Moyse by all the boys; and even Genifrede smiled.

Margot moved sighing toward the rocks, to put up for her boys such comforts as she could muster, and to prepare the meal which they must have before they went. Her girls went with her, and Denis shouted after them that he was to get the cabbage from the palmetto; adding, that if they gave him a good knife he would take it off as neatly as the Paris people took off the King's head. His father grasped his arm and said,

"Never name the King, my boy, till you feel grieved that you have lost him. You do not know what you say. Remember, never mention the King."

Denis was glad to run after his cabbage. His father remembered to praise it at dinner. No one else praised or liked anything. Margot and Aimee were tearful; Genifrede was gloomy. The lads could think of nothing but the new life before them, which they did not like to question their father about till they should have left their tears behind. No sooner were they past the first turn up the ridge, than they poured out their inquiries as to life in the camp and the prospects of the war. Their eager gestures were watched by those they left behind; and there was a feeling of mortification in each woman's heart, on seeing this evidence that home was already forgotten for busier scenes. They persuaded themselves, and believed of each other, that their grief was for the fearful death of the King; and they spoke as if this had been really the case.

"We have no one to look up to now," said Margot, sobbing; "no one to protect us. Who would have thought, when I married, how desolate we should be one day on the sea-shore, with our master at Baltimore, and the King dead, and no King likely to come after him! What will become of us?"

"But, Margot," interposed Dessalines, "how should we be better off at this moment if the King were alive and flourishing at Paris?"

"How!" repeated Margot, indignantly. "Why, he would have been our protector, to be sure. We would have done some fine thing for my husband, considering what my husband has done for him. If our beloved King (on his throne) knew of my husband's victory at Plaisance, and of his expedition to St. Marc and of his keeping quiet all these plantations near Marmalade, and of the thousands that he has brought over from the rebels, do you think a good master like the King would have left us to pine here among the rocks, while Jean Francais is boasting all day long as if he had done everything with his own hand? No; our good King would never let Jean Francais's wife dress herself in the best jewels the white ladies left behind, while the wife and daughters of his very best officer are living here in a hut, on a rock, with no other clothes to wear than they brought away from Breda. No, no; as my husband says, in losing the King we are orphans."

"I can get you as good clothes as ever Jean's wife wore, Margot," said Paul, whose soft heart was touched by her grief. "I can run my boat along to a place I know of, where there are silks and trinkets to be had, as well as

brandy. I will bring you and the girls some pretty dresses, Margot."

"No, Paul, not here. We cannot wear them here. And we shall have no pleasure in anything, now we have lost the only one who could take care of us. And who knows whether we shall ever see our boys again?"

"Curse the war!" muttered Paul, wiping his brow.

"Mother," said Aimee, in a low voice, "have we not God to protect us still? One master may desert us, and another may die; but there is still God above all. Will not he protect us?"

"Yes, my dear. God takes care of the world; but then he takes care of our enemies as well as of us."

"Does he?" exclaimed Denis, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes; ask your father if Father Laxabon does not say so. The name of God is forever in the mouths of the Whites at Cap; but they reviled the King; and, true enough, the King was altogether on our side—we had all his protection."

"All that is a good deal changed now, I hear," said Paul. "The Whites at Cap are following the example of the rebels at Paris, and do not rely upon God as on their side, as they used to do."

"Will God leave off taking care of them, then," asked Denis, "and take care only of us?"

"No," said Aimee. "God is willing, Isaac says, to take care of all men, whether they serve him or not."

Denis shook his head, as if he did not quite approve this.

"Our priest told Isaac," continued Aimee, "that God sends his rain on the just and on the unjust. And do not you know that he does? When the rains come next month, will they not fall on all the plantations of the plain, as well as in the valley where the camp is? Our waterfalls will be all the fresher and brighter for the rains, and so will the springs in Cap."

"But if he is everybody's master, and takes care of everybody," said Denis, "what is all this fighting about? We are not fighting for him, are we?"

"Your father is," said Margot; "for God is always on the side of kings. Father Laxabon says so."

The boy looked puzzled till Aimee said:

"I think there would be none of this fighting if everybody tried to please God and serve him, as is due to a master—as father did for the King. God does not wish that men should fight. So our priest at Breda told Isaac."

"Unless wicked rebels force them to it, as your father is forced," said Margot.

"I suppose so," said Aimee, "by Isaac's choosing to go."

(To be continued.)



GENERAL ROBERT SMALLS

By J. I. WASHINGTON

IN Beaufort, S. C., sixty-five years ago the subject of this brief sketch first saw the light of day, the son of a slave worker. It is a happy coincidence that the premises on which he was born have been owned and occupied by him and his family since reconstruction.

The life of General Robert Smalls is a unique one, full of interest, and from it the youths of to-day can find much to inspire them for greater achievements.

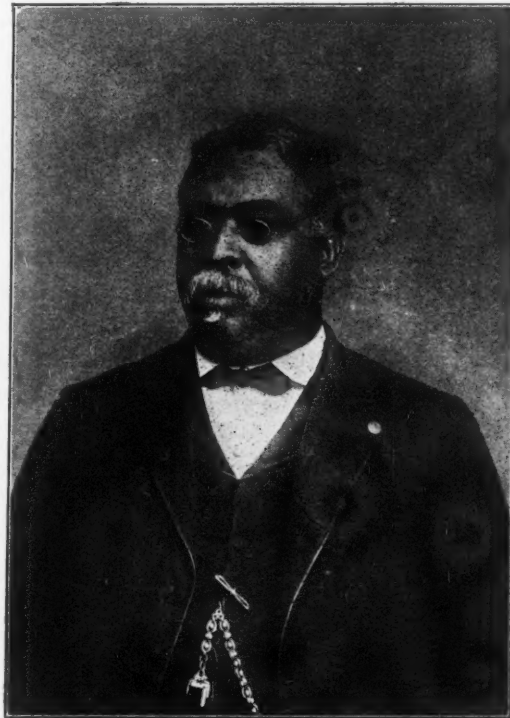
His mother was a favorite servant of her owner, John H. McKee, whom she had nursed and reared. Early in life his young master saw in Robert qualities which were rarely found in the Negro boys of those days, and recognizing those qualities, and on account of love for the mother, Robert was taken especial care of by his master and given opportunities which were withheld from the other boys of his age. When young McKee became of age, in 1848, he came in possession of his property, among which was Robert and his mother. He then, in 1851, sold out his real estate in Beaufort, bought a plantation near Charleston known as "Cobcall," and there removed in the same year, taking all his slaves with him. After removing to Charleston, Robert, at the age of thirteen years, was hired to the Planters' Hotel as a waiter, where he worked for six months. He then got a job with the

city contractor as a lamp-lighter, and held that position for eight months. He left that job and was employed by John Simmons, a stevedore, to drive hoisting horses on the wharf for quite a while—something over a year. Because of his energy and push and stickability, he was, though quite a lad, made a foreman. Simmons, being a ship rigger, put Robert to work in the "rigging loft," and there he learned the rigger's trade. This work was mostly done in the winter, and in summer Robert ran on a coasting schooner as a sailor. He thus gained a perfect knowledge of the harbor of Charleston and the adjacent inlets. Little did he and those with whom he worked think that the practical knowledge which he was then gaining would be put to such use, but the knowledge gained in this way served him well, and benefited the country to a great extent during and after the Civil War.

Up to this time all of his earnings went to his master, but the lad, with that foresight for which he is so marked to-day, saw that he could earn money for himself as well as for his master, and offered to hire his own time, agreeing to pay him \$15 per month for the same. This was accepted in 1857, and from that time he became his own master, as far as his employment was concerned. The year previous to this arrangement, Smalls, being only eighteen years old,

was married to his first wife, Hannah, the mother of all his children but one. After completing arrangements with his master for himself he offered to pay his wife's owner \$7 per month for her time. This was accepted, and he then hired rooms in Charleston and moved his family. He continued stevedoring, with no guardian over him, as the laws then

of his bosom was the property of another man, he approached her owner and offered to buy her. Her owner, Samuel Kingman, was so struck with the frank manhood of the young man in his demand that he be allowed to own his wife for himself, that after further argument on the part of young Smalls, Kingman yielded and agreed to sell her to her hus-



GENERAL ROBERT SMALLS.

required in cases of the free Negroes, paying his master the \$15 per month for himself, his wife's master \$7 for her time, and rent for his rooms, until the breaking out of the war, in 1861.

With a deep feeling of humiliation at being a slave himself, and with feelings of deeper humiliation because the wife

band for \$800. This Smalls accepted, and with a lighter heart and a fixed determination he set about saving up his earnings for the sole purpose of purchasing the freedom of his life partner. This was in 1858, and when the war broke out, in 1861, our hero had saved from his scanty earnings over \$700 of

the purchase money, the money which would have made his wife a free woman, though he himself remained a slave! This was a noble act, nobly done and shows the kind of stuff in General Smalls' make-up. The Almighty came forward, and through President Lincoln and the war freed Mrs. Smalls before the money was paid to Kingman, but that did not rob Smalls' action of any of its nobility. Let it be remembered that this magnificent effort was made when Smalls was not yet 22 years of age and a slave.

During the summer of 1861 he joined the crew of the steamer "Planter," then owned by John Furgerson, and worked aboard her as a sailer for \$16 per month. In order to supplement his salary, he engaged in trading while aboard the boat, and was very successful, earning in this way more than he received for his regular labor.

Soon after joining the "Planter" he demonstrated to the officers his abilities and perfect knowledge of the harbor inlets around Charleston, and was soon elevated to the position of wheelman (in those days a Negro could not be called a pilot), which was one of honor and trust. In this position he learned all the signals necessary to pass the ports and batteries in the harbor, as well as the location of all the hidden mines. He was thus enabled to better perfect his plans to make a strike for the freedom of himself and family, and at the same time aid the Federal forces and cripple the Confederacy. Having completed his plans, the time for action came on the night of the 12th of May, 1862. The "Planter" was then under charter by the Confederate Government, and used as

a transport and dispatch boat for General Ripley, then in command of the forces around Charleston. Her carrying capacity was 1,000 men, besides army stores. She was armed with one long 32-pound pivot gun on the forward deck and one 24-pound Howitzer rifle on her after deck. She was also used in the engineering department. The Confederates had just built a new fortification on what is known as the "Middle Ground," in the harbor of Charleston, which was to be armed with a 100-pound Brooks rifle, one 32-pounder and two 8-inch columbiards.

On the 12th of May, 1861, the "Planter" was ordered to proceed up to the city at the North Eastern Railroad Wharf and take on the guns above mentioned to be transferred to the new fortifications at the "Middle Grounds." These guns were taken on board, as ordered, but too late to be landed at the fortifications that afternoon. This was one of Smalls' plans to delay the work of loading as much as possible, so that the trip to the fortifications could not be made that afternoon. He wanted the steamer for his private use, and the guns and stores for the use of the Federal Government! But it must have occurred to Smalls that he might be refused the use of the boat if he had made the request of General Ripley. So he held a "council of war" with the colored crew, and there and then the decision was made to take "French leave." After the guns and ammunition were all on board she steamed down the river to her dock, in front of General Ripley's headquarters. Here the officers, consisting of the captain, mate and engineer, left her in charge of Smalls and the Negro crew,

and went ashore to their families, leaving orders to take on fuel for an early start next morning. This Smalls and his crew did with alacrity. With calm deliberation, but intense anxiety, every preparation was made for the very hazardous flight which meant so much to those in the plot and those on board the vessel. To me, what seems the most daring and dangerous undertaking was what followed, after leaving her dock in front of General Ripley's headquarters. Smalls and the crew had planned to take his wife and children, John Smalls (no relative of his) and his wife and children and her sister on board the "Planter" from Atlantic Wharf farther up the river. After the fuel had been taken on board and when it was about time for Smalls to bring the "Planter" out from her wharf, two of the crew failed, and refused to run the risk. This was a new and unexpected danger. The deserters might be caught and made to give the whole thing away! So Smalls, for fear of this, hastily took on board Abram Alston, one Chisolm, W. C. Morrison and one McLeod, and at 3 o'clock in the morning of May 13, 1862, backed the "Planter" out of her berth from alongside her sister boat, the "Marion," and made for Atlantic Wharf, up the river, for his wife and children. Reaching there, he found them waiting, took them aboard and steamed down the river towards Fort Sumter, and to death or freedom. Had any suspicion been aroused by the guards or watchmen, and the least investigation instituted, the whole plot would have been discovered, and death would have been the penalty to Smalls and all on board, instead of the freedom for which they were risking so

much. God was with them; all were taken on board safely, and the prow of the now famous "Planter" turned seaward, towards the next dangerous point, Fort Sumter, and the other Confederate fortifications, which must be passed before the Federal fleet, anchored outside the bar, could be reached. Again Smalls' knowledge of the things necessary to be done in such trying hours came into full play. With coolness and great presence of mind he looked into the muzzle of Sumter's guns, and gave the signals. With bated breath all on board waited and watched!

The signal is answered, and with a long-drawn breath of relief he blows the signal back! The vessel itself appeared to have felt the relief, for with a mighty effort she sprung forward with greater speed, and kept up until out of the range of Sumter's death-dealing instruments. Out for the open sea she plowed the waves.

It was not until the lookout on Fort Sumter saw the steamer making straight for the Federal fleet that they suspected something was wrong. The fort at once began to signal the city, and soon learned the true situation. 'Twas too late then, for the "Planter" was out of the range of their guns, and Captain Smalls had run up the white flag of truce. And none too soon, for the Federal fleet was as much surprised and mystified as was Fort Sumter, and was just about to fire on her, thinking she was a daring Confederate ram, when they discovered that she was flying a white flag.

The news spread through the city and country like wild fire, causing the

entire Confederacy to "cuss" and the Union to rejoice.

Straight for the nearest Federal ship Smalls steered the "Planter." The vessel, which was the U. S. S. "Onward," commanded by Captain Nichols, was spoken to, and Smalls reported what he had done. Captain Nichols immediately boarded the "Planter," and Smalls turned her and all her armaments, cargo and crew over to the Federal Government. The American colors were hoisted on her, and she, with Smalls and all on board, was taken to the flagship "Augusta," Captain Parrot commanding, and was subsequently sent to Hilton Head, where the women and children were transferred to Beaufort. Smalls was made a pilot in the Navy, and served as such on several of the vessels, until 1863. While he was piloting the "Planter" through Folly Island Creek, S. C., on that day, loaded with provisions and stores for the Federal troops on Morris Island, the batteries at Secessionville opened a terrific fire on her. While under this fire, the captain deserted his post and sought safety below in the coal bunkers. Seeing the situation, Smalls took charge of her, and brought her out safely. For this heroic act, which was witnessed by General Q. A. Gilmore, then commanding the Department of the South, the captain was dismissed, and Smalls made captain. Thus did Smalls capture the "Planter" the second time and safely deliver her and her cargo to the Federal commander. This act of General Gilmore was approved by his superior officer, and Smalls continued in charge of the "Planter" until at the close of the war, when he took her to Philadelphia,

where she was put out of commission.

It will be remembered that during the war General Hunter organized a colored regiment, known as the "1st South," at Hilton Head, but in consequence of the irregularity of its organization it was ordered disbanded. Captain Smalls was then sent to Washington in behalf of the colored troops. He saw President Lincoln and Secretary of War Stanton, and urged upon them the justice as well as the necessity of enlisting the former slaves in the service of the Government. The result was that he, Captain Smalls, was the bearer of the first order under which the colored brother was enlisted as a Union soldier, as follows:

COPY FROM R. AND P. 393-319.

War Dept., Washington, D. C.,

Aug. 25th, 1862.

General:—Your dispatch of the 16th has this moment been received. It is considered by the Department that the instructions given at the time of your appointment were sufficient to enable you to do what you have now requested authority for doing. But in order to place *your authority beyond all doubt* you are hereby authorized and *instructed*:

1st. To organize in any convenient organization by squads, companies, battalions, regiments and brigades, or otherwise, colored persons, of African descent, for volunteer laborers to a number not exceeding 50,000 and muster them into the service of the United States for the term of the war, at a rate of compensation not exceeding \$5 per month for common laborers, and assign them to the Quartermasters' Department to do and perform such laborers' duty as may be required during the

present war, and to be subject to the rules and articles of war.

2d. The laboring forces herein authorized shall, under the order of the General in Chief or of the Department, be detailed by the Quartermaster General for laboring service with the armies of the United States, and they shall be clothed and subsisted, after enrollment, in the same manner as other persons in the Quartermasters' service.

In view of the small force under your command, and the inability of the Government at the present time to increase it, in order to guard the plantations and settlements occupied by the United States and protect the inhabitants thereof from captivity and murder by the enemy; you are also authorized to arm, uniform, equip and receive into the service of the United States such number of volunteers of African descent as you may deem expedient, not exceeding 5,000, and may detail officers to instruct them in military drill, discipline and duty and to command them; the persons so received into service, and their officers to be entitled to and receive the same pay and rations as are allowed, by law, to volunteers in the service.

You will occupy, if possible, all the islands and plantations heretofore occupied by the Government and secure and harvest the crops, and cultivate and improve the plantations.

5th. The population of African descent that cultivates the land and performs the labor of the rebels constitutes a large share of their military strength and enables their white masters to fill the rebel armies, and wage a cruel and murderous war against the people of the northern States. By reducing the

laboring strength of the rebels their military power will be reduced. You are therefore authorized by every means in your power to withdraw from the enemy their laboring force and population, and to spare no effort, consistent with civilized warfare, to weaken, harass and annoy them and to establish the authority of the Government of the United States within your Department.

6th. You may turn over to the Navy any number of colored volunteers that may be required for the Naval service.

7th. By recent act of Congress all men and boys received into the service of the United States, who may have been slaves of rebel masters, are, with their wives, mothers and children, declared to be forever free. You, and all in your command, will so treat and regard them.

Yours truly,

EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

BRIGADIER GENERAL SAXTON.

Official Copy furnished for the information of HON. ROBT. SMALLS.

By authority of the Sec'y of War,
I. H. ARMWORTH,
COL. OF U. S. ARMY.

CHIEF, RECORD AND PENSION OFFICE.

The first public act of Captain Smalls was to go to the North and there lecture on the manner of the capture of the "Planter." He saw the necessity of educating his people, though not himself educated, and he took this means of raising a fund for the Freedmen's Relief Association. His efforts were successful, and resulted in the coming South of a large number of philanthropic young men and women of both races to aid in the betterment of the

conditions, mentally, morally and religiously, of the newly-made freemen. Among those who came were Miss Jennie M. Lynch, Miss Higate of Syracuse, N. Y., and Miss Forten, now the estimable wife of Rev. F. J. Grimke, of Washington, D. C. It was largely through the energy and efforts of Captain Smalls that the valuable property in the town of Beaufort, S. C., now owned by the colored children of that town, known as the Free School building, was purchased and paid for, in 1867.

The war over, everything in the South was in an unsettled condition, and it was difficult to get the political machinery to work smoothly, nor was it to be expected under the circumstances. Again Captain Smalls came to the front, and with a few others took the helm of State in charge, and went about adjusting the machinery of State Government. This was no small task, but it was accomplished, and the best Constitution South Carolina ever had was the result of the adjustment. Captain Smalls was appointed by General Sickles, then commanding the Department of the South, as one of the registrars of voters for the Parish of St. Helena, and was subsequently elected a delegate to the Constitutional Convention of 1868. In the fall of the same year he was elected a member of the South Carolina Legislature; was elected to the State Senate in 1870 and re-elected in 1872 for four years. He resigned his seat in the State Senate, and was elected to the 44th and 45th Congresses. He was again elected to the 46th Congress, but was counted out by the Democrats for George D. Tillman. The State was gerimandered,

and Captain Smalls was elected to the 47th, 48th and 49th Congresses. He was a candidate for the 50th Congress, but was defeated, the District having been again changed.

Captain Smalls was appointed Colonel of the Third Regiment, South Carolina Volunteers, under General Scott, Brigadier General, Second Brigade, and Major General Second Division of the State Militia, but was legislated out of office by the Democrats when they got control of the State, in 1877.

General Smalls was appointed Special Inspector of the Treasury Department under Secretary Sherman and appointed Collector of Customs of Beaufort in 1890 by President Harrison, reappointed by President McKinley in 1898 and by President Roosevelt in 1902. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention of South Carolina in 1895 and played his part well in that body, as Tillman and his ilk will testify.

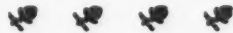
General Smalls is in many respects a remarkable man. Though he has never attended a school in his life, he is well read and full of information on almost any subject. From the reconstruction period up to the present he has been a power in the politics of his State, having attended every National Convention since 1868, as a delegate-at-large, except two, in which he was an alternate delegate-at-large. He is consulted by the party leaders on most questions affecting the Republican party, and in spite of his activity in politics, commands the respect of all the people of his town and county, regardless of their color or politics.

The "Planter" was built at a cost of \$32,000. Her guns and ammunition

when turned over to the Federal officers were worth \$20,000. The provisions and stores on board when recaptured, Dec. 1, 1863, were worth \$50,000, but a magnanimous Government only gave him \$5,000 for her and her two cargoes, guns and ammunition.

At the State Convention held at Columbia last February General Smalls was a candidate for delegate-at-large to the Chicago Convention, but seeing that if he was elected, Dr. W. D. Crum, who was also a candidate and whose appointment as Collector of Customs at Charles-

ton had not been confirmed, would be defeated, he gracefully withdrew in favor of Dr. Crum. He did this because he felt that if Dr. Crum was defeated by the Republican State Convention it would be just the thing Tillman and his Democratic foe in the Senate would want to use against his confirmation. This was magnanimous on General Smalls' part, and showed his unselfishness. He was elected first alternate delegate-at-large, and will attend the next Republican National Convention at Chicago as such.



A NEGRO POTATO KING.

BY BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

(By permission of the Outlook Company.)

JUNIUS G. GROVES, of Edwardsville, Kansas, is often referred to as "The Negro Potato King." He is practically a full-blooded Negro, and was born a slave in Green county, Kentucky, in 1859. He and his parents were made free a few years later by the proclamation of Abraham Lincoln. As soon as he was old enough he began attending the public schools in his neighborhood, but as he could be in school during only two or three months in the year, he did not secure a great deal of book knowledge. What he learned was enough, however, to give him a desire for education, for we find him, after leaving school, continuing to study as best he could. By the time he reached manhood he was able to read and write and had some knowledge of figures.

In 1879 occurred what was known as the "Kansas Exodus," and Mr. Groves, with a large number of other colored people from the South, caught the emigration fever. When he reached Kansas he had just ninety cents in his pocket. The sudden influx of so many colored people into the State caused it to be rather overrun with cheap labor, and employment was hard to find. After an earnest search of some days, however, Mr. Groves succeeded in finding employment on a farm at forty cents a day. He told me that he agreed to begin work for this wage because he knew that within a few days he could convince his employer that he was worth more. So faithfully did he work that by the end of three months his wages had been increased to seventy-five cents a day.

This was the pay which the very best farm hands were receiving in that neighborhood. Out of this small sum he had to pay for his board and laundering.

By the end of the year he had saved enough to go in search of what he hoped would be a better job. His travels through different parts of the State availed him nothing, and he finally decided to return to the place where he had first found employment. He had made such a favorable impression upon his old employer that the latter offered to let Groves have a portion of his farm to cultivate on "shares." The conditions of the contract were that the farmer should furnish nine acres of land, a team, seed and tools, and Groves should plant, cultivate and harvest the crop for one-third of what was made. This offer was gladly accepted, and Mr. Groves planted three acres in white potatoes, three in sweet potatoes and three in watermelons.

Soon after getting the crop planted Mr. Groves decided to get married. When he reached this decision, he had but seventy-five cents in cash, and had to borrow enough more to satisfy the demands of the law. But he knew well the worth and common sense of the woman he was to marry. She was as poor in worldly goods as he, but their poverty did not discourage their plans to marry. Both Mr. and Mrs. Groves told me with a good deal of satisfaction how they managed, with much difficulty, the day after their marriage, to get a few yards of calico to make a changing suit for Mrs. Groves, so that she might begin work at once in the field by his side, where she has ever since been his

steady companion. During the whole season they both worked with never-tiring energy, early and late; with the result that when the crop had been harvested and all debts paid they had cleared \$125. Notwithstanding their lack of many necessities of life, to say nothing of comforts, they decided to invest \$50 of their savings in a lot in Kansas City, Kan. They paid \$25 for a milk cow, and kept the remaining \$50 to be used in the making of another crop.

The successes of the first year's work had convinced the landlord that he would be taking no risk in renting Groves and his wife a larger acreage; so their holding for the second year was increased to twenty acres. From this year's earnings they purchased a team. They now began to feel that they could take even more independent steps. I say they advisedly, because through all these laborious years Mrs. Groves worked on the farm constantly at the side of her husband, and even now, when occasion demands it, she does active work in the field. They had farmed with success the first year on a small acreage; they had been even more successful the second year on a larger acreage; and the third year they rented sixty-six acres of good farm land near the town of Edwardsville, Kan., at an annual rental of \$336. Of this amount they were able to pay one-third cash in advance. As this was more land than they could personally cultivate, a small portion was sub-rented. Seldom have two people worked harder, or sacrificed more, than did Mr. and Mrs. Groves that year. They not only farmed the land, but raised pigs and fowls, and sold milk and butter. In the winter, when the other farmers were

idle, they cut wood, and sold it in town. They were determined to succeed.

Omitting many interesting details, I shall merely state that at the end of the year, in 1884, after they had paid all debts, and their bank-book was balanced, they found that they had to their credit in the local bank, as a result of their labor for the last three years, \$2,200. During the greater portion of the time they were earning this money, this young man and his wife were living in an old shanty, with one broken-down room. They decided now that they would buy a farm for themselves, and agreed to pay \$3,600 for eighty acres of land near Edwardsville, in the Great Kaw Valley—a section comprising about 3,940 acres of the most fertile land in the State. Mr. and Mrs. Groves paid on the land the \$2,200 which they had saved, and closed a contract to pay the remaining \$1,400 at the end of the year. Letting the hired man live in the house on the place, they built a shanty for themselves until the crop was grown. After Mr. Groves had taken possession of his farm nearly all of the neighbors began to tell him that he had made a bad bargain, and to prophesy that he would not only be unable to pay the \$1,400 at the end of the year, but would besides lose his \$2,200. Mr. Groves told me that this was the first and only occasion in his life when he became discouraged; and that he could not take heart again until he began to inquire who they were who were seeking to discourage him, and found that they were poor shiftless people, who owned no land themselves. After discovering who his "Job's comforters" were, Mr. Groves determined to succeed, not only

for his own sake, but to disappoint those who had predicted his failure. He and his wife exerted themselves unusually this year, and their efforts were not without reward. Enough was realized from the one year's crop to pay for the whole farm, with a neat little surplus, which they used in improving their house and stocking their farm.

Mr. and Mrs. Groves continued to work hard and prosperously on this farm, until they were able in 1887 to pay cash for two small adjoining farms. In 1889 they bought a fourth farm, and in 1896 the fifth one. They now own 500 acres of the finest land in the Kaw Valley—that that is easily worth from \$125 to \$250 an acre. They no longer occupy the original little one-room shanty, but have progressed into a large, beautiful, well-appointed dwelling, built at a cost of \$5,000. It has fourteen rooms and modern improvements, including a private gas-plant which furnishes twenty-seven lights, a private water system and a local telephone. The house is supplied with bath-rooms, and everything necessary to make it comfortable and convenient.

There are eleven children in the family—three girls and eight boys. The children are all being educated with care. Three of them—two boys and one girl—are already in the Kansas State Agricultural College, and their oldest boy will complete the course in June. All the children take as much interest in the success of the farm as do the parents.

In addition to the dwelling-house, one finds upon the farm a modern two-story, well-painted barn that cost \$1,500, a smoke-house, granary, tool-house, hen-

house and a warehouse, in which are kept six thousand bushels of seed potatoes during the winter. Mr. Groves's business has grown to the extent that he has a private railroad track which leads from his shipping station to the main line of the Union Pacific Railroad, which runs through Edwardsville. Mr. and Mrs. Groves also own and operate a general merchandise store, in which they carry a large stock of goods. They have several fine orchards upon their farm. In the apple orchard there are seven thousand trees six years old, from which last year four carloads of apples were gathered. The peach orchard contains eighteen hundred trees, the pear orchard seven hundred trees, and the cherry orchard two hundred and fifty trees. They also grow apricots and grapes extensively.

But why is Mr. Groves called "The Negro Potato King"? Let me answer. Last year he produced upon his farm 72,150 bushels of white potatoes, averaging 245 bushels to the acre. So far as reports show, this was 12,150 bushels more than any other individual grower in the world produced. And besides the potatoes raised on his own farm, Mr. Groves buys and ships potatoes on a large scale. To illustrate, last year he bought from white growers in the Kaw Valley and shipped away twenty-two cars of white potatoes. He also bought fourteen cars of fancy seed potatoes in North and South Dakota, which he sold to growers in the Kaw Valley, and in Oklahoma and Indian Territory. Mr. Groves says that he ships potatoes and other farm products to nearly every portion of the United States, and to Mexico and Canada. He says that he has

never found his color to be a hindrance to him in business. During the busy season as many as fifty laborers, white and black, are employed on his farm. It is maintained at its highest productivity by persistent energy and constant effort on the part of Mr. Groves. As I have said, he received but little education as a boy, but he has persevered until he has now reached the point where he can analyze and classify the soils upon his farm, and apply just the proper fertilizer to the various plots. He uses nothing but the latest improved cultivators, potato-planters, potato-weeders and diggers, and in fact all work that can be done with machinery is done in that way.

And Mr. and Mrs. Groves have other interests than those of farming. They have large holdings in mining stocks in both the Indian Territory and Mexico, as well as banking stock in their own State. They own four-fifths interest in the Kansas City Casket & Embalming Company, of Kansas City, Kan., and take the deepest interest in the progress of the race both in their own State and throughout the country. Mr. Groves, in speaking of his large interests, always says "we," meaning Mrs. Groves and himself. In the most beautiful manner, and with the greatest tenderness, he never fails to give Mrs. Groves due credit for all that she has helped him to accomplish.

Having prospered in a material way, the Groveses do not overlook the moral and spiritual side of life. They are both members of the church, as are also their older children. In fact, the little church near their home was organized by Mr. Groves and his wife, and they

gave \$1,500 for the erection of the church house. Mr. Groves drew the plans for the building and directed the work of construction.

Mr. Groves is held in very high esteem by men of wealth and standing in his State. Mr. Porter Sherman, president of the Wyandotte State Bank, Kansas City, Kansas, in speaking of him said: "I regard Mr. Groves as a man of especial ability. We have no better customer in the country than he is. He is a man of peculiar tact and ability. His standing as a citizen and business man is high in the county, and his papers never pass due. He is easily worth between \$40,000 and \$80,000 after all obligations are met." Mr. Groves does a great deal of business with this bank, the cashier of which also spoke of him in very high terms.

Mr. C. L. Brokaw, cashier of the Commercial and National Bank of Kansas City, Kan., said of Mr. Groves: "The credit of Mr. Groves is as great with this bank as is that of any man in Wyandotte county, and not only with this bank but in all banking circles. He is known as a man of exceptional ability, of keen insight, courteous manners and good financial sense. I consider him one of the best business men in this county, and a citizen of unquestionable character. I have the utmost confidence in the man's worth and intelligence."

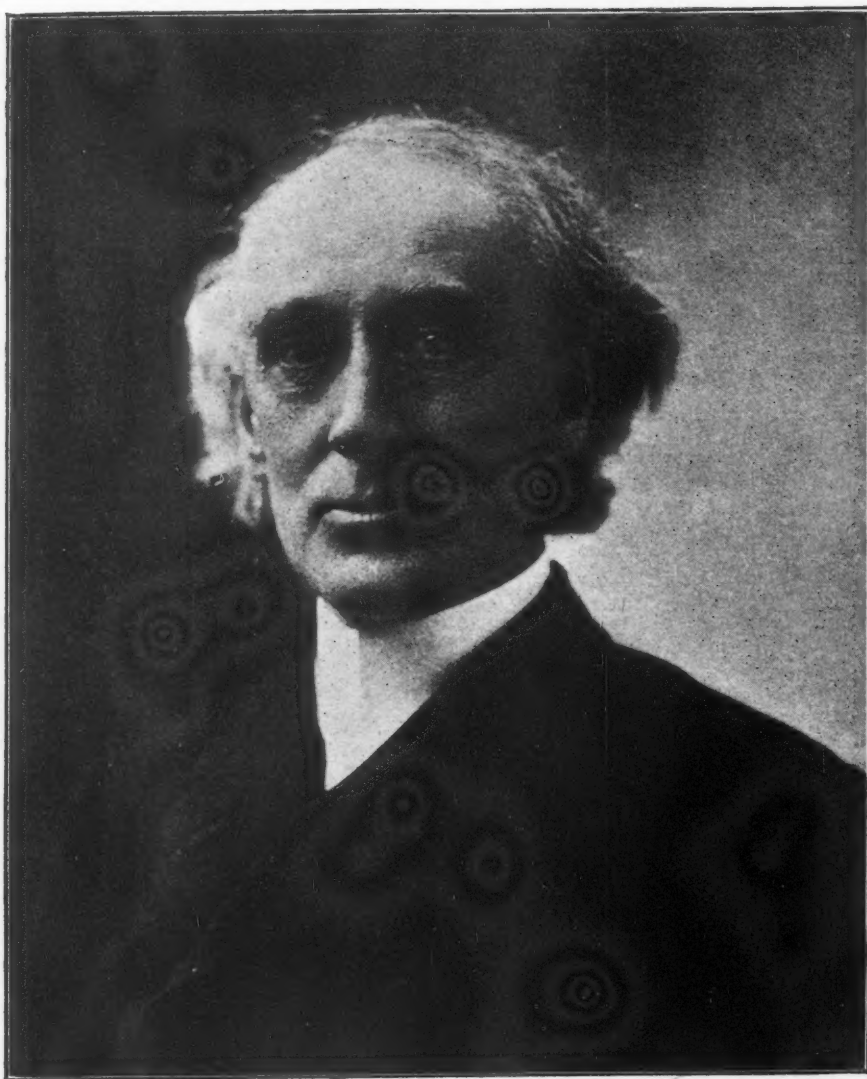
It was especially gratifying to me to hear Mr. Thomas Jefferson Barker, of Kansas City, Kan., speak of Mr. Groves. Mr. Barker is an ex-slaveholder, and is, I am told, the richest man in Wyandotte county. He said: "Mr. Groves came to Wyandotte county about twenty-five years ago, and has always conducted

himself in the most creditable manner. As a business man he is intelligent and indisputably honest. He is upright in all of his transactions and meets his obligations on the day that they are due. He is a man of influence and ability in all business connections. Groves is one of the best citizens in the county."

Mr. J. D. Waters, cashier of the Farmers' State Bank of Bonner Springs, Kan., said of Mr. Groves: "I have known Mr. Groves for fifteen years, and during that time I have never heard anything but good about him. He is a first-class business man, and stands high in his community. His character is unquestionable. For several years he was secretary of the Kaw Valley Potato Association, of which Senator Taylor was president, and while in this position exhibited unusual ability.

Senator Edwin Taylor, of Edwardsville, Kan., is a near neighbor to Mr. Groves, and, like him, is a potato-grower of note. In speaking of Mr. Groves he said: "I regard Mr. Groves as one of the best men, white or black, in the valley. He is not only one of the most progressive and astute potato men in the valley, but is also a man of acknowledged general intelligence. Some twenty years ago Mr. Groves came to the valley almost penniless, whereas he is now a man of enviable financial standing. He is a man of quick perception, of fertility of resource; a man interested in every movement making for the good of the community—in fact, a good all-round citizen."

In speaking of what they have been able to accomplish, Mr. Groves and his wife are the most simple and modest people I have ever met.



DR. E. A. HORTON, BOSTON, MASS.

INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION—WILL IT SOLVE THE NEGRO PROBLEM?

BY DR. EDWARD A. HORTON.

VIII.

THE people of the United States are beginning to see the serious condition of things at the South.

Delusion and temporizing are giving way to stern facts. The time that has elapsed since the close of the Civil War has given opportunity to prove certain things.

The hopes of the men of the North, those who bore the brunt of battle and secured victories, either as generals or statesmen, have not realized all they anticipated. Very much planned, as was supposed in wisdom, has not brought forth the results expected. On the other hand, the men of the South, who were treated kindly by General Grant and others at the time of the destruction of the Confederacy, have not accepted the situation in good faith, as had been hoped. They have their just grievances, but there seems to be still burning a great deal of hostility to the North. One might think forty years would extinguish the old bitterness, but it has been perpetuated by the women of the South and communicated to their children. The problem is a difficult one, and I do not believe that industrial education alone will prove a sufficient solution. There are many things that work well in theory, but under practical tests break down.

For instance, the theory is that as the Civil War has long past, the South needs to foster industries, invite capital; that laws should be made and enforced without discrimination; and that the Southern

commonwealths ought to stand side by side with the northern States. What is the real feeling at the South at the present time?

I am sorry to say there is a sensitive State's right sentiment still so strong as to menace the Union. There is still a daintiness of hand and habit which leads the typical southerner to dislike labor. There is no lessening of the race feeling of the whites against the blacks. It is the determined purpose of many leaders at the South to put the negro in a new bondage. If this cannot be effected in one way, it must be in another. If the Constitution cannot be overturned then it must be undermined. Disfranchisement of the Negro is a fixed policy of the southern States.

Now all this is a necessary background on which to paint present intellectual, moral and industrial requirements. Industrial education is certainly one of the keys to a prosperous future for the Whites as well as for the Negroes. The Negro problem is also the White man's problem. As has been said by others, the welfare of the South cannot be determined by one side or the other, but by both. There must be a unity of aim, a security of life and an opportunity for usefulness for both Whites and Blacks if the south-land is to be law-abiding and prosperous.

I am not certain that the native White Southerner cares to have the Negro prosperous; to support my statement

there is abundant testimony. I refer to the typical Southerner, not to those exceptional men who are imbued with the spirit of progress, and who meet the inevitable wisely. The average Southerner fears to see the Negro in prosperous circumstances because it means more power, more opportunity in society, politics, as well as in business. Such an expansion of the Negro's sphere the Southerner does not approve. Therefore, if industrial education were multiplied in its results among the Negroes a thousand-fold, I am not sure that the situation would be very much improved, except for the Negro himself. But even then he would be an object of suspicion and hostility, by virtue of his improved conditions.

To make my position clear, let me say, I believe that the Negro should be more and more trained in the handicrafts, in agricultural pursuits, in manual labor of all kinds. Such training would establish habits of thrift, sobriety, common sense and reliability. I need not add that they will conduce to material wealth. Therefore, I applaud all the work now done by schools and centers where industrial training is taught to the Negro. It is an unquestioned help to good citizenship. It is what has made New England strong and is the source of power in any community.

But the question you put to me is not to be answered in this way. I am not asked to give my estimate of industrial education in itself, its effect upon character and citizenship; but whether it will solve the Negro problem. It will, in part. Beyond what it can do lies a great field of uncertainty. Suppose the majority of the Negroes at the South

were educated to trades and in agriculture of all kinds, and were busily working at these vocations, would the Negro problem be solved? I fancy not. There must be in addition such a recasting of conditions in the South as to make co-operation possible, at its best, between the Whites and Blacks. Can it be accomplished? That is the crucial question. Is there any moulding influence which can be brought to bear in the next fifty years that will abate mob violence, stop lynching, give the Negro his rights before the law, and induce the Whites to take a humane point of view with regard to the subject?

Such a writer as Thomas Nelson Page, speaking for the South, declares that this is a question for the South to settle alone. "Hands off" is his demand. But there are others, in deep sympathy with the South, who cannot accept such a demand.

It is a National matter. It is a part of the same issue over which we fought from 1861 to 1865. No one State, or two or three States, can settle this question alone. The Constitution and the Union have been established at a great cost, and cannot be brushed aside by the advocates of State's rights. We are now a great Nation. We are members of one body, to quote Scripture. If one suffers, all suffer. If justice is denied these millions of Negroes by local sentiment, then there can be, after patience has been exhausted, but one course to take.

There are three gradations in this matter. A large number of Southerners dislike to offer the Negro education at all. They argue that most of the crimes of the present times are committed by

educated Negroes. All this is false and easily so proven by statistics. There is another class of Whites who favor industrial training, or, at least, the rudiments of it, for the Negro. They think on the whole something of the kind would be just and advantageous, though they do not expect much out of it. Still a third element would like to see the Negro admitted through any open door of opportunity. Let them be educated for brain or handwork, as they may show aptitude.

I suppose I ought to add that there is a fourth grade, the smallest of all, which may be called almost ultra. It represents the higher education for the negro, the academic training with political privileges. The difficulty in the matter is that these four grades cannot be reconciled. They will not work together. The few who are in favor of giving the Negro all opportunity are denounced as traitors to the South by many of the others.

As to the capacity of the Negro for progress, Governor Vardaman, of Mississippi, is an extremist. He regards the Negro as unfit for any education. He must be kept as an ignorant toiler. Those who have read the article by Mr. Franz Boas, in the *Ethical Record* for March, "What the Negro Has Done in Africa," will find a strong argument against Governor Vardaman. The conclusion by Mr. Boas is as follows: "The achievements of the Negro in Africa justify us in maintaining that the race is capable of social and political achievements." It appears by this author's array of facts that the Negro has risen quicker and higher in contact with Mohammedan civilization than when living in the en-

vironment of Christian civilization. Here is another phase of this intricate problem.

I am glad you have not asked me to offer a solution of the Negro problem. It is filled with such complexities. What you have requested concerns industrial education alone. I have answered that, in my judgment, it will not solve the Negro problem. It will help to the desired end, and is a necessary part in reaching it. I appreciate Professor Booker T. Washington and Professor DuBois. They represent different sides of the problem. Mr. Washington does well in his zealous crusade for a utilitarian and practical education for the Negro. Professor DuBois does equally well in pleading for the "talented tenth," for the higher education and full political privileges. A writer has truly said: "It is this talented tenth that is to be the leavening force through whom education is to be diffused, among which the leaders and emancipators of the Negro are to be found."

But there must be a changed spirit, a different attitude on the part of the Whites. I am not called upon to say what the Negroes ought to do in working out this problem, but it goes without saying that there is much for them to do.

I may be permitted to suggest that there are three essential elements involved in the Negro problem: Education, Religion and Good Government. (1) The education must be comprehensive, both practical and idealistic. (2) His religion must be such as will give character and conscience to the emotional life of his nature. (3) And just government by the Whites, which will safeguard the rights of the Negro.

PHILLIS WHEATLEY—A STUDY.

BY GEORGE GILBERT WALKER.

THE Muses choose their darlings from all conditions and kindreds and tongues. The daughters of Jove whispered sweetly to the beggar and the King, the Ethiopian and the Greek, the noble and the slave. And a loved one they found in the little black girl who, starved, sick and naked, was sold into slavery in Boston in 1761.

The child of West African savages, herself a savage at the time of her capture, having behind her unnumbered generations of savagery and heathenism, this little Negro, nevertheless, was marked by the Parnassian sisters as their ward and singer.

No race is more poetic, naturally, than the black. Its highly strung sensibilities give response to its fervent imagination. In the wilds of his native home the African dances and claps his hands to the tuneful melody of his voice, which he couples with rhapsodies picturesque and characteristic. As a slave he sang to the rhythm of his picking, to the time of his axe-stroke. In the miserable cabin he chanted the throbbings of his heart, the hope of his soul, the longings of his life, the joy of his trust. On the battlefield he charged to death and victory, to the music of his own mouth, to the rollicking songs of his native genius. His satisfaction must be known by his shuffling feet, his hearty laugh, his peculiar strain which embodies

the entire history of his race, the strain in which is heard the dominant note of joy blending sometimes grotesquely with the plaintiveness of his serfdom, and through which runs the swaggering, sometimes barbarous, sometimes knavish swing of his savagery.

It is a race of moods, a people given to the spontaneous expression of its inmost feelings of joy and sorrow or religion. And the critic can see the whole in any part. The entire nature is reflected, so to speak, from each separate aspect. A race full of longings, cries and song; a race full of sensitiveness and pity; a race imbued with all the tinted coruscations of imaginative activity served by the gentleness and responsiveness of its own deepest character. Its dreams flit through its wake-time; its hopes are in its dreams. It thinks of midnight while it gleefully hails the rising sun; and the sobbing winds of evening recall to it the glory of the sunset.

A race of poets, surely! Yes, but so is every race. The passions and emotions are in all men, and must be vented, no matter in how infinitesimal a degree. And coupled with condition and history these passions and emotions, as expressed, become differentiated among peoples. English poetry is not German poetry; the poetry of the Renaissance is not that of the 19th century. Yet the critic, the lover, the poet, himself can

see beneath the surfaces of all of them the one big heart of Nature thrilling through the eternal process of the omnipotent Divine.

The consciousness of the African is the consciousness of the Caucasian; their emanation, their art, dissimilar and characteristic, is the product of their memory and environment. The souls of men must be observed through the sounds and symbols employed in voicing their feelings, and this gives race characteristics and differences. The genius rises above the particular traits and tendencies of time and education. He gazes deeper into the unity of man and man's ambition. He beholds the one grand spirit of beauty in all things, the sublime concept of the fundamental idea. He shouts and whispers the one immortal melody of the ethereal choir, sung in the hearts of all, but alone heard and repeated by those favored of the gods.

In this small slave girl whose miserable condition aroused the compassion of her kind purchaser there perhaps was little to indicate that the chalice of inspiration had been held to her lips. Dashed with gall it was, but such is the ironical play of fate. A gracious temperament, a capacity for elegant attainment could be observed in the dark eyes of the child by her sympathetic mistress, who, instead of training her in the duties of a domestic, gave her in charge of her own (Mrs. Wheatley's) daughter, to educate. It is not likely Mrs. Wheatley ever dreamed that within the bosom of her little slave were harmonies which were to flood forth with all her native eloquence and sweetness. To train Phillis in the subjects of a good general education was her original purpose. But,

gradually, under the kindness, the tenderness, the maternal care of her guardian-mistress, the girl displayed her passion; and Mrs. Wheatley knew that a superior intellect was at her hand.

Her education was of the best; she became familiar with the classics, conversant with English literature, and read history with zeal and purpose. Thus her native genius was fashioned and adopted; and her poems embody all the sweetness and pathos of the African, the strength and piety of the Anglo-Saxon, the pity and longing of her enslaved people.

She was not a voluminous poet; brief snatches of melody, flashes of happy thought, scintillations of rapturous song breathed out with all the passion of the poetic mind. We may have to look beneath the letter of some to see the revelation, but it is there. Outwardly, many are undoubtedly rude in workmanship, crude in structure and color; the polish of the European singer who has memories of centuries of artificiality behind him, is oftentimes lacking in them; they are frequently the spontaneous utterances of the dreams of her naked soul; and as such, spoken through the medium of alien symbols, command the unqualified admiration of all able to judge.

Such she received during her brief lifetime. England enlogized her; the noble and the learned vied with one another in showing their favor and appreciation. She obtained the attentive and admiring ears of America; and enjoyed the friendship and applause of the highest personages in both continents.

Her life was brief; she died at about the age of thirty, in the year 1784, mourned by those who knew her and

who knew of her, as the black songstress who caroled in confinement, strange environment, and the shadows which clouded her later days, lay, tender, pathetic, trustful and from the heart springs of her being. Delicate, sensitive, unhappy in the choice of a husband, she pined, sank and died, just as the message which she came to deliver was about to be given upon the cords of her nature of song. Her collected works make but one slender volume, which has been long neglected and hidden away in library corners, wasting in dust and forgetfulness.

There have been Negroes whose actions were marvelous, as for an example, Fuller, the mathematic wonder, who, uneducated, was able to perform with figures feats which provoked the astonishment of the whole country; but Phillis Wheatley merits the judgment of being the only Negro, who, during slavery, through culture coupled with her own native wit, rose to a status on a plane with those of the other race. And to-day we can find no truer poet, black or white, than this little African singer. The

Negroes have not produced her equal; she remains unique in the annals of the Blacks in America as the product of education applied to a savage child of inherent ability. The white race knows no rarer spirit, no loftier ambition.

All that is beautiful, tender, passionate, religious, all that is comprehensively native, the genius of the race, its home and history, throbbed in her soul. And the capacity of her people, assimilation and adoption, is wondrously portrayed in her assuming as her speech and type those of the Anglo-Saxon whose history and literature is one grand development of spiritual and natural forces. That she succeeded in this is matter for thought and confidence. Hers was a situation in which all her acumen was put to the test. She rose and sang. We have well-nigh forgotten the song; but let us revive her memory, and give hushed adoration to our poet, the poet of her race, the poet of her race's history, the master of another race's civilization; the inspired chanter of the emotions of the soul, the gracious black girl, Phillis Wheatley.



But when we in our viciousness grow hard
(O misery on 't!) the wise gods seal our eyes
In our own filth; drop our clear judgment; make us
Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we strut
To our confusion.

SHAKESPEARE.



HERE AND THERE

(Under this heading we shall publish monthly such short articles or locals as will enable our subscribers to keep in close touch with the various social movements among the colored race not only throughout this country, but the world. All are invited to contribute items of general news and interest.)

THE Rev. P. P. Watson was born in the town of Beaufort, S. C., in 1859. He attended the public school of that town until he had successfully mastered the prescribed course of study. As with all thoughtful school and college boys, the next thing that confronted him was, After school what? Desiring to aid himself financially and satisfy the urgent appeal of friends, he opened a private school at his residence. Possessing an indomitable will, zeal and perseverance, his efforts as a teacher were crowned with success. He won the admiration of his pupils and the confidence of his patrons. Having been under the influence of devoted Christian parents, he remembered his Creator while yet in his youth, and was converted at nine years of age. After a lapse of a few years he felt the inspired call to the service of the Christian ministry, and began at once to make preparations in order to matriculate at Lincoln University, so as to fit himself for the full duty of the Christian ministry. However, he was hindered in his plans by the death of his father, which occurred Jan. 14, 1860. But he was not discouraged, his motto being "Perseverance overcomes all obstacles." It was through the kindness of Hon. S. J. Bampfield, of Beaufort, S. C., he was placed in communication

with the Faculty of Lincoln University, and the door of opportunity being open, he entered that he might make the preparation necessary to assist in the improvement of his race. He entered Lincoln University in 1880, and after a stay of four (4) years, bade farewell to his college and returned South to engage in ministerial work among his own people. Immediately after his return home he was accorded the privilege of addressing the Young Men's Christian Association of his town. From this effort he realized enough money to defray his expenses to the Colored Baptist State Convention, which was in session at Sumter, S. C., May, 1885. He addressed the convention, and from that moment all eyes were turned on the young divine for whom a future pregnant with the most hopeful results was predicted. The fulfillment of this prognostication is evidenced by his noble achievements. While working as Colporter of the American Tract Society, of New York, he was unanimously called to the pastorate at Barnwell, S. C., where he remained for eleven (11) years.

While there he proved himself an educator as well as an expounder of the Gospel, being at the same time principal of the graded school at that place for a number of years. So profound and lasting were the impressions made on the

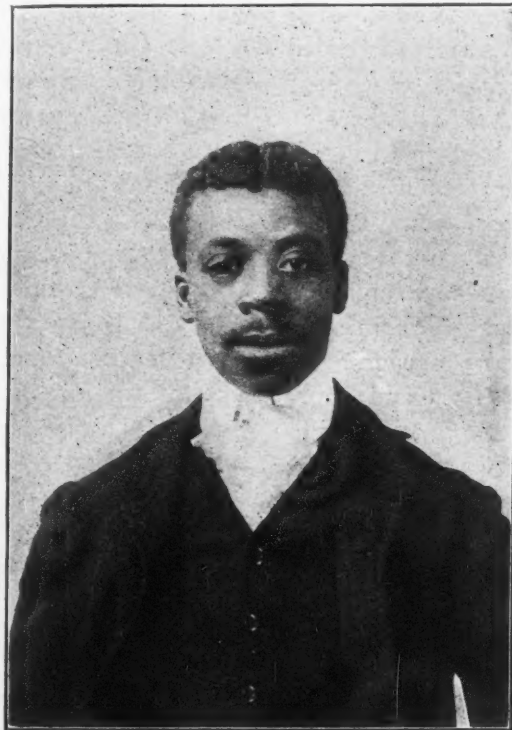


REV. P. PAUL WATSON, D. D.

people that they very reluctantly yielded their consent to his removal from their town. He then accepted a call to the pastorate of the First African Baptist Church, Beaufort, S. C., one of the leading churches of the State.

His fame as a lecturer and pulpit ora-

great satisfaction of all who heard him. The trustees of Benedict College acknowledged the worth and merit of this able divine, and rewarded him with the distinction of being the first man on whom they conferred the degree of "Doctor of Divinity."



MR. WM. BATRUN.

tor is unquestionable. He is, indeed, one of the most fluent and forceful ministers of the day, being persuasive, chaste and erudite in thought and profound in logic. He was conspicuous among the prominent speakers at the National Baptist Convention in Philadelphia during the summer of 1903. By special invitation he delivered the baccalaureate sermon at Benedict College, Columbia, S. C., in May, 1903, to the

Rev. P. P. Watson is superintendent and treasurer of the Peace Haven Industrial School and Old Folks' Home, near the town of Beaufort. He is now struggling to raise the means necessary to erect a much-needed building and to develop a work that is very dear to the heart of the founder of the institution. He established the Julia Watson Library and Reading Room, and opened the same in the basement of his spacious home

for the free use of the public, with more than two thousand of the best books, magazines and newspapers, which is an evidence of his profound race pride.

Dr. Watson is an ardent admirer of worth in young men. The same has been reciprocated by their affection for him. It was through the realization of this fact that the Young Men's Christian Association of Beaufort accorded him the privilege of delivering their maiden address about two months ago. His success in scoring victories in life's battles is due largely to the devotion of his cultured and amiable wife and daughters, each of whom personates a monument of virtue and goodness, and has spoken cheer when his sky appeared stormy. To-day he owns a magnificent dwelling in Beaufort, S. C., and more than two hundred acres of good farming land in the suburbs of the town, which are only proofs of his zeal, push and economy and the achievement of a life well spent.

Dr. Watson stands to-day foremost among the leaders of the race. The place he now holds was not thrust upon him, but is the reward of persistent toil and manly effort. Long live such men to do good and be the models for the struggling youths of the race.

SUBSCRIBER.

MISS GULLY.

We take very great pleasure in introducing to our readers Miss Bessie L. Gully, the second daughter of Rev. and Mrs. D. T. Gully, of Selma, Ala.

Miss Bessie comes of one of the oldest and best families of color in Selma. The family has many friends and all are

glad to learn of her success in the intellectual world. She is a young lady of great promise, and bids fair to become an example of shining worth for the women of our race; moreover, she is already a successful worker in the church, and she promises to be a great blessing to the Baptist denomination to which she owes Christian allegiance.

Miss Gully received her early training in the Clarke city school under Prof. R. B. Hudson, taking in addition one year at Spellman Seminary, Atlanta, Ga. Her normal course was received at Alabama Baptist University, from whence she was graduated with honors in 1901, receiving the prize in scholarship and being poetess of her class. After teaching one year in Pensacola, Fla., at the Baptist Academy, her parents decided to satisfy her desire for enrollment at Denison University, Granville, O. In 1903 she graduated from the preparatory class of that college, being the only colored girl in a class of six. She is now a member of the class of 1906.

We take great pleasure in presenting to our readers the Rev. J. M. Gilmore, D. D., pastor of St. John's A. M. E. Church, Cleveland, O.

Dr. Gilmore was graduated from the divinity school at Wilberforce, Ohio. He is a profound reasoner, fluent speaker and fervent exponent of advanced thought. He has filled the pastorate of some of the best churches in the A. M. E., connection including Trinity Church, Baltimore, Md., and Allen Temple, Cincinnati, O. Bishop Payne appointed him one of the first regular presiding elders of the Ohio Conference.



MR. A. L. WEAVER.

He is one of the eight ministers who offered the resolution authorizing the missionary women to hold annual conventions. He was a member of the General Conference at Washington, N. C., and Columbus, O.



DR. J. M. GILMORE.

Dr. Gilmore is the author of several very important church laws, and was secretary of the court that drew up the rules for the General Conference at Columbus, Ohio. He is an unassuming Christian gentleman.

Prof. Johnson was formerly a Michigan boy. His home was in Ann Arbor, where his parents now live. He is located at Cleveland, Ohio, and has his office at No. 202-205 The Arcade building. Prof. Johnson is an instructor in physical culture. He is the picture of physical strength, and his deportment and make-up is a forcible advertisement

for his profession. He is also a very successful business man, being one of the few men of the race who have amassed a comfortable fortune before reaching middle life. He manufactures pine tar soap and facial cream, and is also one of the firm of the Abner Royace Co., perfumers and extractors; is a stockholder of the Acme Foundry and a stockholder and treasurer of the Bar-Ben Remedy Co., of Cleveland, Ohio.

The Bar-Ben Remedy Co. is one of the largest patent medicine companies in the country. He also owns a very fine automobile.

Mr. William Batum, of Cambridge, Mass., was born in Worcester in 1876. He came to Boston when two years of age and received his education at the Phillips Grammar School and the English High School.

While at the High School he was a member of the High School Regiment, and was the only commissioned officer of color. He took a post graduate course in the fourth year, and stood number twelve in a class of sixty, carrying the honors in both Latin and bookkeeping. After graduation he took a course at the Perm Short Hand School, securing a position with Byran & Rogers in Boston, a wholesale fruit and produce firm. He left this company to become a messenger at the Museum of Fine Arts, Copley square, Boston.

Being a very energetic and ambitious young man, he decided to take the civil service examination and try his fortune with the Government, and after studying very hard for some months his ambition was crowned with success, and he was appointed to a very fine position as bond clerk in the Custom House at



REV. P. PAUL WATSON'S HOME.
FREE LIBRARY IN THE BASEMENT.



PROF. JOHNSON.

Boston, Mass. We note with great pleasure and satisfaction that Mr. Batum held the position of number fifteen on the eligible list, with a per cent. of 90.40, and he is the first colored clerk to receive a position from Commissioners of the Civil Service (U. S.).

Mr. Batum is a member of the Columbus Avenue Zion M. E. Church, clerk of the Board of Trustees and Assistant Superintendent of the Sunday School. He is a polished gentleman, highly accomplished and greatly respected by all classes of citizens in Cambridge and Boston.

Last but not least, Mr. Batum is a loving and dutiful son to a widowed mother.

We hope that the short life-story of this young man will prove an incentive to other young people in the race, and that many will emulate his example.

Mr. Archie L. Weaver was born in Weaver, Ind., in 1884. This little town was named for his grandfather, James Weaver, who at one time owned several hundred acres of land where Weaver now is located.

Mr. Weaver was unfortunate enough to lose his father and mother when quite a small boy, but with his kindness and politeness he has gained many warm and sympathetic friends. He is an industrious and thrifty young man, active, earnest and practical in the Sunday School work and very popular in the city of Marion, Ind., where he is now living. He is gifted with the traits of an orator, and with little training and

practice would soon be known throughout the country, and rank with the greatest orators of the race. He is a very promising young man, who is thought well of by all who know him.

In 1900 Mr. Weaver made his home with Dr. W. T. Thomas, taking up the study of medicine.

Mr. Weaver is a graduate of the Marion schools and is at present a student in the Marion Business College, taking a business course.

He is a Knight of Tabor and the Chief Scribe of K. E. Union Temple, No. 391, of Marion, Ind., I. O. O. T.; General Secretary and Treasurer of the Y. M. and W. C. O.

Mr. Weaver's ambition is to become a first-class business man, handling his own business. He says:

"I am proud to say that I am a recognized agent for the COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE, a magazine that should be read by every Negro in America. When I think of the crisis of forty-five years ago, when our fathers and mothers could not read, write or spell, and when to each of them these things was a crime punishable by law, and to-day we are reading and writing and spelling, teaching and being taught, and we are publishing books and magazines and newspapers, I wonder if I shall not live to see the so-called Negro problem solved."

The hope of any race lies in its young men and women; may God help our young people in their struggles for an education and an existence.

TESTIMONIALS OF FRIENDSHIP FROM INFLUENTIAL PEOPLE OF ALL SECTIONS.

TESTIMONIALS OF FRIENDSHIP.

Mr. Butler R. Wilson has solicited the following subscriptions:

Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney...Jamaica Plain, Mass.
Miss Alice Cheney...So. Manchester, Conn.
Mrs. May Hallowell Loud....Boston, Mass.
The Calhoun Club.....Boston, Mass.
Mr. A. H. Scales.....Everett, Mass.
Mr. Butler R. Wilson.....Boston, Mass.

Mme. Nellie Brown Mitchell has solicited the following subscriptions:

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Mr. B. S. Lee.....Cadiz, Ohio.
Mr. Wm. H. Lucas.....Cadiz, Ohio.
Mr. Wm. F. Tyler.....Cadiz, Ohio.
Mr. Wm. Bell.....Cadiz, Ohio.
Mr. Allen Brown.....Cadiz, Ohio.
Mr. W. L. Johnson.....Cadiz, Ohio.
Miss Jennie Lee.....Columbus, Ohio.
Mrs. Jennie Watson.....Columbus, Ohio.
Mr. Robert J. Harlan....Washington, D. C.
Mrs. Mattie A. McAdoo.....Boston, Mass.

Messrs. J. W. & Geo. H. Hahn, New York, has forwarded to this office the following subscribers:

Mr. A. T. Millar.....New York, N. Y.
Dr. F. H. Boynton.....New York, N. Y.
Miss M. L. Lyons.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mr. Robert Williams.....Brooklyn, N. Y.

Other friends who have sent in subscriptions are as follows:

Mr. S. R. Scottron.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
Rev. D. W. Bythewood.....Beaufort, S. C.
Mr. O. C. Wallace.....Beaufort, S. C.
Mr. F. P. Crum.....Beaufort, S. C.
Mr. Jas. Riley.....Beaufort, S. C.
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Mr. John Powell.....Beaufort, S. C.
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Prof. D. W. Dawkins.....Beaufort, S. C.
Prof. W. S. Gantt.....Beaufort, S. C.
Mr. J. H. Jackson, Postmaster, Frogmore, S. C.

LETTER FROM MRS. EDNA D. CHENEY.

Colored Co-operative Pub. Company,
82 West Concord St.,
Boston, Mass.

Gentlemen:—I have received, perhaps from a friend, two numbers of the *COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE*. I make it a rule to take no magazines, but I am obliged to make an exception in this case, as I find so much interesting information on this important subject.

The general appearance of the type and the excellent reproduction of the pictures, and the portraits of many interesting persons, make it a very attractive periodical. I hope it will have good success and assist greatly in the good work.

(Signed) EDNAH D. CHENEY.

A conspicuous feature of the last concert of the People's Choral Union, held in Carnegie Hall on Friday evening, April 3, under the conducting of Mr. Frank Damrosch, was the large number of colored men and women amid the crowd of singers, banked up nearly to the top of the stage, about a thousand strong.

The dark faces were so numerous as almost to remind one of the contrast between the ivory and ebony keys of a piano; and one could easily conceive that the magnificent output of vocal tone owed not a little to the well-known richness of the "black keys," so to speak.

The program contained some of the most noted and difficult of choral compositions. Max Brush's "Cross of Fire" and a large part of Wagner's "Meister-singer" were sung, all of which were given with surprising finish and satisfaction. Indeed, it is improbable that Wagner ever heard his music so magnificently rendered. Surely it was never so well done in America before; in such a favorable environment; with such a large chorus, efficient orchestra and grand organ.

But aside from the splendor of the performance there was something very inspiring to a thoughtful mind in seeing this practical move toward the solution of the "race problem" by the giving of the "problematical" part of our fellow native Americans a fair chance to soar "On Songs Bright Pinons" along with artistic aspirations of other birds, even though the feathers were not all of the same shade.

The Choral Union has achieved, in the dozen years of its career, much to be proud of. It has elevated the stand-

ard of musical taste; encouraged vocal cultivation, furnished much recreative relaxation from the drudgery of workaday life; converted many an otherwise lonely hour, for some of its members, into a cherished memory of artistic delight; has been a potent factor in improving the mental and moral faculties of innumerable people both which engaged in the rehearsal and study of the music and in its subsequent public performances.

In view of all this, there is a special thrill of approbation, inspired by seeing that its many advantages are generously thrown open to the acceptance of all the people, without respect to rank, sex, color, or "previous condition of servitude" provided they are willing to behave, study and sing, like ladies and gentlemen.

This is by no means a private opinion of the spectacle presented by the Choral Union's performance. It was mentioned by more than one of the audience that enjoyed their music, which was none the less interesting from the constituency which sang it.

H. M. BOSWORTH, New York.

New York, N. Y., May 21, 1904.
Mr. Frederick R. Moore,
181 Pearl street,
New York City.

My Dear Sir:—Let me congratulate you that you have secured possession of the COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE, and that it will in future be published in New York City, where I believe it will have a better chance of success. You must not forget that all those who have heretofore been interested in this enterprise

have shown great self-denial, a most worthy purpose and a devotion to the cause of their race, which have commanded the respect and the admiration of all those who like myself have become acquainted with the facts. The race needs an organ of publicity of a National character, which shall acquaint it with what its own members are doing in industry, in commerce, in the arts and in the professions. Not the least part of the good which such a publication can accomplish is to acquaint the broad-minded and fair among the Whites, that the colored race is not alone capable of advancement, but that it is already advancing at a greater rate of progress than that shown by almost any race I know of. The general policy of the magazine should be solely constructive. It should show by example that the colored people should think less of their wrongs, real or fancied, and more of their opportunities.

With best regards, I am, Very truly yours,

JOHN C. FREUND.

MAPLE HALL,

Red Bank, N. J., May 25, 1904.

Mr. Fred R. Moore,

New York, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Moore:—I am very much pleased to learn that you have secured control of the COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE, which has had such a creditable existence since its first publication in Boston, and that you have removed the publication to New York City.

There is a very large field for a good magazine which shall be a record of the industrial and intellectual activities of the Afro-American people, the Negro at work, if you will. Such a magazine should appeal to thoughtful and industrious Afro-American people of the country as well as to the very considerable number of the general citizenship who are desirous of knowing at first hand what the Afro-American people are thinking and doing. I do not see why your magazine should not succeed.

Yours sincerely,

THOMAS FORTUNE.



Dear Lord! Kind Lord!

Gracious Lord! I pray

Thou wilt look on all I love

Tenderly to-day.

Weed their hearts of weariness;

Scatter every care

Down a wake of angel wings

Winnowing the air.

Bring unto the sorrowing

All release from pain,

Let the lips of laughter

Overflow again!

And with all the needy

Oh! divide, I pray,

This vast treasure of content

That is mine to-day.

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

NOT WHOLLY LOST.

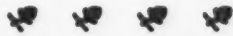
That battle is not wholly lost
Which, bravely fought, ends in defeat.
Let no one count the paltry cost
Of effort spent, nor seek retreat
From that position whose defence
Brings to this hour no recompense.
There is no death for that which dwells apart.
'Mid changing forms a secret strength remains;
All work endures, strong mind and noble heart,
Touch to fine issues nobler hearts and brains.

—W. M. W. CALL.



Think naught a trifle, though it small appear
Small sands the mountains, moments make the year,
And trifles, life

—YOUNG.



If thou do ill; the joy fades, not the pains.
If well; the pain doth fade, the joy remains.

—GEORGE HERBERT.



IN THE EDITOR'S SANCTUM

President Roosevelt has made a very judicious and popular selection in Mr. Jerome B. Peterson, of New York, to be United States Consul at Puerto Cabillo, Venezuela. Mr. Peterson belongs to the new type of Afro-Americans, whose number is, happily, growing. He has not developed along political lines; he is not a politician, except in so far as it behooves every citizen to interest himself in public affairs; his development has been along purely business lines, and he is distinctively of a business temperament. This has been signally demonstrated in his management of the business affairs of the New York age, newspaper, for which he had ample training in his previous education. He neither desired to hold public office nor sought to do so; when the position was offered to him he did not desire to accept it, but yielded to the wishes of Hon. Charles W. Anderson, member of the New York Republican State Committee, and to his partner, Mr. Fortune.

Mr. Peterson was born in the city of Brooklyn, New York, Sept. 12, 1859. He was educated in the old Mulberry Street School, in New York, under the Rev. John Peterson, and in West Forty-first Street School, New York, under Prof. Charles L. Reason, two of the most popular and successful instructors the race has produced. He also attended evening high school. After finishing his

school work Mr. Peterson had ten years' training in banking and law offices in New York, and thereafter, during the past twelve years, he has been engaged in newspaper work.

May 30, 1893, Mr. Peterson was married, and has three children, who make his beautiful home on Monroe street, Brooklyn, "the dearest place on earth" to him.

Mr. Peterson is a good illustration of the man who does his duty in the place where he stands, who commands the confidence and respect of his fellows and who does not need to seek preferment in public or private service, as this will invariably seek out the man, when he is needed.

The status of the Negro in our country, political and social, is one of perennial interest. We have him in the North in an ever-increasing ratio, and he will long continue to be a factor in American civilization.

It is true that the Negro in Massachusetts, in the majority of cases, occupies a menial position. He is a waiter, the coachman, the cook, the man of all work. It is true that he and his confreres live in distinct portions of the city, as do also, to a large extent, citizens of various other races. It is true that they, of their own choice have their own churches and their own pastors, chosen

from their own race. It is true that they move in their own social circles.

But it is not true that the Negro is "crowded out of all employments except the most menial." On the other hand, the Negro to a large extent makes his own destiny.

Boston has no separate schools for Whites and Blacks, but all children alike are furnished with the same educational privileges. All the world has heard, also, how young colored men graduated with honor at Harvard College, two of whom were accorded, upon the score of merit and popularity, the honor of being orators of their classes.

The legal profession is fully open in this State to the Negro as well as to the white man. Boston has fully a dozen colored members of the bar who practice, side by side with white lawyers, occupy offices in the same buildings, are employed by both white and black clients, and are in the possession of excellent incomes. Twice it has occurred that a Governor of Massachusetts has appointed a Negro to an important judicial position, and one of these appointees sat for several years upon the bench—indeed, until death—and dispensed justice to white and black alike.

In journalism also the Negro appears. Both Democratic and Republican newspapers in Boston do not hesitate to employ colored men upon their staffs, where they work side by side with their white co-laborers. In one instance a young colored woman is employed in Boston journalism, and is credited with doing excellent work. One colored reporter in this city was admitted by a

unanimous vote to membership in the Boston Press Club, and at the rooms of the club he is treated by his fellow-members with the utmost courtesy. The Negro as a stenographer in the courts is also not unknown in Boston.

As an officer in the State militia the Negro also fills an honored place. In the pulpit he is honored and respected. An aged colored man, who had for years been employed in an important position in the office of the Commonwealth, was buried with all the honors which could be accorded to him had his skin been white.

The Negro in Massachusetts has entered the profession of medicine. The way is open, and should he apply for admission to the medical school of Boston University or of Harvard College he would not find the door barred, but he would be granted all the privileges which are accorded to the white student. The Negro sits in the halls of legislation, and his words carry weight with their utterance.

If we might be suffered to go but a few miles, to the neighboring city of Providence, we would find a Negro (the late Mr. Bannister) an artist of distinction, whose works are upon the walls of many an aristocratic home, both in that city and in Boston, and who was regarded by those who knew him as kindly as are his brother artists of fairer complexion.

More space might be filled with detailing the success of the Negro in the higher walks of life and in declaring his opportunities. Beyond doubt he is seriously handicapped in his life struggle.



PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS

COLORED CO OPERATIVE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
181 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. **FRED. R. MOORE, General Manager.**

It is reported that a coroner's jury at Boyle, Miss., sitting on the body of a Negro who ran against a young lady on the street, whereupon her escort procured a revolver and shot him, gave it as their verdict that the deceased had come to his death by committing suicide.

The COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE will hereafter be issued from 181 Pearl street, New York city, N. Y. The management appreciates the cordial support given it during its stay in Boston, and hopes for a larger measure of support now that it has been located in the great Metropolis.

It is our purpose to publish a magazine that shall record the doings of the race along material lines, and to demonstrate to mankind generally that we are worthy to have the door of opportunity kept wide open for us as for other men. It is our desire to make the COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE a welcome visit into the homes of the American people. Each month will find it knocking at your door, and the publisher hopes a generous welcome. The terms will be found in another part of this issue. The reader, I am sure, will be glad to know that all of the construction work connected with publishing the

COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE will henceforth be done by members of the Afro-American race exclusively, another evidence of the progress of the race. Give your opinion of our handiwork by sending in *your* subscription, and by advocating appreciation by the race of such work. The magazine will publish the news items of the National Negro Business League throughout the country, devoting two pages each month to such work. We would thank you to mention the magazine when answering advertisements.

FRED R. MOORE, Publisher and Manager.

Subscriptions to the capital stock of the COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE may be had on application at the Home Office, 181 Pearl street, room 14, New York City, at FIVE DOLLARS per share. Two thousand shares will be disposed of.

We would urge all agents to send in orders for the July number of the COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE at once, as we anticipate a rush from all sections. Don't delay.

To our friends and the public:

In order to place the COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE on a solid basis, and increase its general usefulness to the race,

we offer 2,000 shares of stock at \$5 per share. We shall be glad to receive your subscription. We should have your name on our books as one of the stockholders. The earning power of the magazine, with proper support and conservative management, can be made to net good dividends to the stockholders.

Under the reorganization which will shortly take place it is our intention to

endeavor to try to give to those who held stock in the old company an equal interest in the reorganized company, thus showing a determination to merit the confidence of our people, and we feel we should receive hearty support. You should also be a yearly subscriber. Send along \$1.00 to cover a year's subscription.

FRED R. MOORE, General Manager.



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THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1904.

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White Plains—Miss L. A. Rogers, 12 Fisher Ave.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Tarboro—N. B. Brown, Box 193.
Wilmington—R. D. Drew, 12 No. Second St.
Wilmington—W. H. Moore, 14 Grace St.

OHIO.

Cincinnati—H. B. Brooks, 1025 John St.
Cleveland—A. O. Tavor, 204 Garfield Building.
Cleveland—I. E. Oliver, 85 Fairchild St.
Columbus—Mrs. M. J. Jamison, 78 E. Long St.
Mansfield—Cora M. Pointer, 175 Glessner Ave.
Piqua—Miss Estella Kendell, 927 Ash St.
Steubenville—E. B. Browne, 128 S. Seventh St.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Greensburg—Warwick Anderson.
Philadelphia—J. A. Mitchell, 1902 Lombard St.
South Bethlehem—Mrs. W. A. Nesbitt.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Beaufort—W. Hercules Wright.

TENNESSEE.

Memphis—J. L. Brinkley, 307 Main St.

VIRGINIA.

Milboro—J. P. Jones.
Norfolk—E. B. Canady, 335 Brewer St.
Portsmouth—E. J. Bass, Green and London Sts.

WASHINGTON.

Seattle—G. A. Hayes, 2600 E. Valley St.

WISCONSIN.

Milwaukee—J. D. Cook, 637 Third St.
West Superior—Geo. Williams, 421 Banks Ave.